THE
Feign'd Astrologer.
A
COMEDIE.

Horat. Ep. 2. Lib. 2.

———*Magicos terrores, somnia, sagas,*
Nocturnos Lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Thornycroft*, at the *Eagle* and *Child*, near *Worcester-house* in the *Strand*. 1668.

The Actors

Sir *Christopher Credulous*--	A Rich old Knight, father to *Clarinda*.
Bellamy--	In Love with *Clarinda*, and belov'd by *Celia*.
Endimion--	Once a Pretender to *Clarinda*.
Gratian--	In love with *Celia*.
Lewis, *Bernard*	Friends to *Endimion*, and *Gratian*.
Clarinda	Mistress to *Bellamy*.
Celia	In Love with *Bellamy*, and belov'd by *Gratian*.
Fannie--	A little Cosen of *Celia*'s.
Beatrix--	*Clarinda*'s Chambermaid.
Luce	*Celia*'s Chambermaid.
La-gripe--	An old French man, a servant of Sr *Christopher*'s.
Rudeman	*Bellamy*'s Man.
Shift, *Rawman*	Two wittie Knaves servants to *Endimion*.

The Scene *LONDON*.

THE ASTROLOGER.

ACT. I.

The SCENE, *Lincolns-Inn-fields.*

Enter Endimion, Bernard, Shift.

End. HOw ſtrangely does thy News perplex me, *Shift*!
Art ſure 'tis true?

Sh. Beatrix tells me ſo, and then I muſt believe it.

Bern. Is ſhe your Oracle then?

End. But is it poſſible that my *Clarinda* ſhould ——————

Sh. No, that it is not, ſhe ſhould ever love,
You I mean; for there may be perhaps ——————

End. Nay, nay, I gueſs the reaſon of her ſcorn,
She loves elſe where.

Bern. E'en like enough.
She'd ne'r hold her ſelf at ſo high a rate to you,
Had ſhe not other Chapmen.

Sh. I ſmelt ſome ſuch thing in a certain Conference, I had with my Princeſs to'ther day; and had not her doting old Maſter come by i'th nick and ſpoilt our ſport, I was within two kiſſes of all her Miſtreſſes ſecrets.

Bern. Is *Beatrix* ſuch a tell-tale?

Sh. Tell-tale, and Wag-tail. Why, is she not a Woman? and is that Sex made for Privy Councellors? 'tis true, Chambermaids, I think take an oath of Secresie as they do; and might do well to keep it too, as some of the others do: but alas!——

End. Saving your mock-Morals and mongrel-Comments
On the whole Tribe, tell me of *Beatrix*, Sir,
What of her? what says she?

Sh. What says she? why she says any thing; she can no more keep a secret than another woman, she is no more able to digest it; 'twill up Sir, 'twill up when occasion serves.

Bern. Let *Shift* alone to mannage her Evidence,
He'l pump her drie, I warrant you.

Sh. Sure enough: for whether it be my Person, my nimble dapper Person; or my Wit, my fooling Wit she's taken with, or talking humour, in which we most Sympathize, I know not: but I'm sure, I taste more of her kindness then you do of her Mistresses:
However, our way of Love is nothing troublesome, tis free, and without any tye, we aim not at *Hymen*, we; as long as we like one another, so; when we are weary; so.

Bern. A pretty modern Method.
But prethee tell me *Endiminion*, art not thou sick of thy Constancy? hast not lov'd *Clarinda* long enough? to every fair one you were wont to cry, *I love you*; and scarce a whole day lov'd the same.

Sh. And yet *Clarinda* now with all her scorn
Has held him to't a Month;
'Tis a strange Metamorphose in your Worships humour.

End. I break custome, I confess it, for *Clarinda's* sake:
Yet let it not amaze thee, *Bernard*,
To see me burn so long in the same flames;
For if Love at first made me her Servant,
That Love is now to a Caprichio vanisht,
A meer peevish obstinacie:
Her want of complaisance for my Amours
Is th' only reason why I haunt her now:
Not that I value her person, but I take
A pleasure in displeasing her; nor but
By vexing her can I wipe off the shame

This

This ſeeming Conſtancy would blaſt me with.

Sh. What a wrong ſenſe I took you in all this while?

Bern. Why, you love her not then?

End. Not I, I thank my Starrs.

Bern. Why do you viſit her then? why write? why ſend?

Sh. What in the name of Madneſs maketh you
That you are not in Love, play the fool, as thoſe do that are?

Bern. Peeviſhneſs, I tell thee, meer peeviſhneſs;
Had ſhe, when firſt I courted her,
With leſs ſeverity welcom'd my Affection,
The fit had ſoon been over;
And in my way of making love, to another
E're this I had made offer of my heart;
But to knit one's brow, and look wiſe ſo out of ſeaſon,
To fume and fret at every merry word,
And pay with frowns inſtead of ſmiles
A whole day together;
Then do I make love in deſpight.

Bern Marry, y'are a terrible Lover indeed!

Sh. I ſee 'tis dangerous for a Woman to have to do with you; why? would you have 'em love you whether they can or no?

Bern. Is it ſo unpard'nable a Crime not to make much of you, that the puniſhment muſt never have end?

Sh. But when will your Inconſtance-ſhip get a new Miſtriſs, and think of this no more?

End. As ſoon as thy dexterity has ſifted out
Who I am ſlighted for?

Sh. Why, for *Bellamy* perhaps

End. For *Bellamy*?

Sh. Yes, for that very *Bellamy*
That has Courted her, you know, theſe Twelve Moneths
D'ee laugh?

End. That were a fine Match indeed!
Of all the gay men that frequent her
I ne'r was jealous of him yet.

Sh. Why, he's a proper Gentleman, though but a poor one.

End. *Clarinda* is too proud to look ſo low
A mind like hers on ſtate and bravery ſett,

Is with a Fortune not a Person taken;
This *Bellamy* too has ever been her scorn.
Sh. What, if that were but a trick?
A meer dissembling trick, to cousen the old Man?
End. They have more tricks then one then; for *Bellamy*
A week since left the Town;
Nay's shipt for *France* e'r this,
And yet you'd have 'em smitten still.
Sh. There may be a trick in the Journey too, for ——

Enter Beatrix.

End. Peace, yonder's *Beatrix*, feel her pulse a little,
Enquire, enquire how matters go; we'l step aside.
Sh. 'Tis enough, I have my kue.
End. Let's give him opportunity. —— —— *Ex.* End. Bern.

Beat. What art thou thinking of now? } *In a melancholly po-*
Sh. Who I? I'm thinking of nothing. } *sture, his Cloak a-*
Beat. What? in your dumps, when I come? when your Love comes? } *bout his face.*
Sh. My Love? I have no Love, not I;
My Master loves no more, and I love no more neither.
Beat. In earnest, *Shift*?
Sh. Yes in good earnest, *Beatrix.*
Beat. What, wilt thou forsake me now?
Thou canst not be so hard hearted sure?
Sh. But I can, and will.
Beat. This is but to try the constitution of my heart,
And peradventure to morrow.
Sh. Nay, there is no peradventure, nor no to morrow;
Is it not always like Master, like Man?
Make thy Mistriss love him, and then —— ——
Beat. Thou must not request impossibilities at my hands,
Likely things I would do.
Sh. Why? is *Clarinda* such a Love-hater? —
Is she so inflexible?
Beat. Not so much; but ——

Sh. But

Sh. *But?* but what?

Beat. My poor *Shift*, thou haſt ſo often promis'd me,

Sh. Let us come to the *But*; go on with your ſtorie.

Beat. What ſhould I tell thee?

Sh. Why *Clarinda* uſes *Endimion* with ſuch baſe neglect?
And whether or no to love her ſtill
Be *operam & oleum perdere*?
Thou maiſt ſmell my meaning, for Lamp-oyl has a ſtrong ſent.

Beat. I could tell thee all this and more; but——

Sh. But what again?

Beat. I'm forbidden.

Sh. I'm glad o'that; ſhe'l tell therefore. *aſide.*

Beat. Yet if thou wouldſt ſwear not to tell again——

Sh. Why I can be as ſilent as the ſilent woman;
I'le be a dumb ſhew; or the *Chorus* to't at leaſt, *aſide.*
I'le tell but all I ſee; judge by my taciturn aſpect.
I never tell but one thing at a time.

Beat. Thou wilt not tell then?

Sh. Not I; what I do not know. *aſide.*

Beat. But ſwear to keep counſel.

Sh. By my ſhifting faith, I will. Is not that well ſworn?

Beat. Shifting faith? heyday! what faith's that?
This is an oath of a new fabrick ſure,
What anvil came it off? prythee did'ſt thou forge it?

Sh. The faith of *Shift* is a ſhifting faith:
But let not that ſtick with thee;
Men ſhift their faith now-a-days, as often
As they did their Trenchers, when this old Cap was new.
But to the point.

Beat. You muſt know then that *Clarinda*, my Miſtreſs——
But you muſt not tell your Maſter, *Shift*.

Sh. You would fain ſhift by your ſtorie,
But 'twill not be: let me have it then, and quickly; for now I obſerve you better, I find by your ſimpring, and by the fumbling of your apron (that's a main ſign) that if I long to hear it, thou doſt e'en twitter to tell; leave your halting then before as very a Cripple as your ſelf, and come roundly to the buſineſs.

Beat. Why, I muſt tell thee then——

Sh. No Prefaces, nor Preambles.

Beat. That if thy Master be unkindly dealt with,
The reason is *Clarinda*

Sh. Has another Love.

Beat. Th'art e'en i'th right on't.

Sh. Well, his name, his name? go on.

Beat. Must you know more yet?
Y'are very inquisitive into Women's matters.

Sh. I do not talk like a man-midwife? do I?
His name, I say, his name?

Beat. *Bellamy.*

Sh. That poor Cavalier?

Beat. 'Tis a noble compleat Gentleman.

Sh. And with his compleat Gentility
Thy Mistress will send thee to market? yes, she may;
But then must thou pawn thy coif and pinner,
Or come home without Eggs and Butter.

Beat. She dot's on him, who can help it?

Sh. All the dotage is on her side belike,
Hee'd nere leave her sure to go for *France*,
Did he dote too.

Beat. That Journey on design is given out;
But to speak truth, should he fall into the free-booters hands
We were in some danger.

Sh. He's safe then, and on this side the sea?

Beat. Yea, and in *London* too, as I may tell you.

Sh. In *London?*

Beat. And nere was out on't.

Sh. Who the devil taught him to *Romance* so finely?
To delude all the town, but *Clarinda*,
And you their confiding *Mopse*,
He has taken as solemn a leave
As he had been going to *Tangier*, or to *Tyburn*.

Beat. By this means he sees *Clarinda* every night, by her appointment too, and has done this week: and while his friends pity him, and think him sea-sick, he's Land-sick, and Love-sick, good Gentleman. There's but small hopes, thou seest, for thy Master.

Sh. So

Sh. So me thinks.
But is not your Ladie afraid of the Lampon-makers?
Has she a mind to be in a Ballad?
There are some Women have had whole bundles made of 'em
Upon less occasion, (as they say themselves.)
Hoard up smooth faces, keep 'em leiger in a garret all day
To play at bopeep by night.

Beat. Alas! thou art too severe, to young Ladies especially;
The nights the onely time for their recreation:
But we have a care of our ways,
And make a Conscience of being taken in 'em,
I'd have you know.

Sh. Just as the *Lacedemonians* did of pilfering.

Beat. Why 'tis not a blot till it be hit, Man.
This night-work is so contriv'd.
That *Bellamy* steals into the garden by a back-door,
Which I leave open for him, and so to an arbour,
Where she waits his coming.

Sh. An excellent Rendez-vous for a midsummer Moon,
But this hot weather won't last always.
Where shelters he all day?

Beat. At *Gratian*'s, as close as he that fears an Execution,
And that's the reason too perhaps he gives his friend
Of this concealment, for he's not of the Councel,
Nor should I have been, I think;
Could they have carried businesses without me:
But I am a right necessary Woman sometimes.
Fare thee well, give me thy hand;

Sh. Farewel, farewel.

Beat. Thou dost promise me, *Shift?*

Sh. Promise thee? what?

Beat. Marriage, and 't shall please thee.

Sh. Go thy ways, I do; when we are at age. *Ex. Beatrix.*
Is this the honour they vapour with?
This the reputation they are so shie of?
How many are there of this deceitful sex,
That wear Vertue enough all day,
And lay it by at night with their black patches,

And

And the reſt of their ſuperfluous ornaments?
Has *Clarinda* her Love-qualms too? well, the
Beſt of 'em have their failings, that I ſee.
But now am I as over-loaden with this ſecret;
Oh, how heavie it is? I ſhall ſhrink under the burthen
An I carrie it any further; I'm ſure I'm ſick on't alreadie.

To him again Endimion, Bernard.

O here's my Maſter, he'l cure me.
End. Haſt thou found out the reaſon of my diſgrace?
Is *Clarinda* engag'd elſe-where?
Is it pride, is it hate makes her ſo coy?
What other Gallants has ſhe? why doſt not ſpeak?
Art deaf? or haſt thou loſt thy tongue?
Bern. Why ſtandſt thou making faces thus, and clutching thy (fiſt?
End. Why doeſt thou ſqueeze thy fingers ſo? ſpeak.
Sh. O good Sir, let me alone.
End. Let thee alone? why what art doing?
Sh. You'l put me out now;
End. Put thee out? of what? th'art out of thy wits already ſure.
Sh. Now was I ſtriving all this while to hold my peace;
I was bid; but the truth is, I am ſo farre
From doing as I was bid,
That I'm e'en weary of ſtriving already: heark you then
That Spruce, Compleat out-ſided Gallant, he that of all
Her gay frequenters nere gave you Jealous pang,
That very *Bellamy*, I told you of before,
That gives out he's gone for *France*,
By *Clarinda*'s own contrivance is conceal'd at *Gratian's*.
End. *Bellamy* in town ſtill?
Sh. As ſure as you are; and ſee's her every night.
Alas, he had no arrant into *France*,
But to make an aſs of your Worſhip,
And that it ſeems he can do better at home.
End. One of 'em ſhall dearly pay for't though.
Sh. Why, what d'you mean to do?
End. Nay, I'm reſolv'd, I'le to *Clarinda* again.

Sh. Oh

Sh. Oh poor *Beatrix*, you'll tell Sir now,
And then is ſhe undone for ever.
End. No, no, ne'r fear it.
Sh. What good will it do you to ſee her then?
End. I mean to laugh at her, and for a full revenge
With deep proteſts will I renew my ſuit
If ſlighted, i'th ſame coin I'll pay her inſtantly,
And give her ſcorn for ſcorn;
A biting jeaſt or two, and I am even with her.
When ſhe peceives my Vows were raileries,
Which meerly to divert my ſelf I paſs'd upon her,
'Twill ſhrewdly pinch her, that I'm ſure of,
For ſhe that thinks ſhe's fair indeed,
Will ne'r endure to have been told ſo but in jeſt.
But prethee the whole ſtory of this fine *Amouretta*,
Bellamy ſees her every night, it ſeems.
I cannot wiſh 'em joy yet heartily, *aſide.*
There are ſome dregs of Love ſtill lurking under my anger.

Enter Rawman.

Raw. Lewis ſir is here. *End.* 'tis well.
Sh. You ſhall know more anon.
End. Go thou, and warily ſift out
Of ſome Neighbour or ſo, if I may ſee *Clarinda*.
That is whether ——
Sh. I underſtand, you are afraid of the old Man,
You would have him ſafe.
End. ſmiling. Th'art i' th' right
That's a ſtumbling block muſt be remov'd. *Ex. Shift*

To them Lewis.

Lewis. May a friend be partaker of your Mirth?
Or know but whence it ſprings?
Clarinda without doubt
Has better thoughts of Love then ſhe was wont,
'Tis not an unbecomming weakneſs now, I hope,
Y' have wrought a cure upon her, I ſee it in your looks.

End. Nothing less; she never was more avers'd, nor I
More lost to all hopes of ever being favour'd by her.
Lewis. In what tearms then must one condole your loss?
Or with what Arguments. ——
Bern. Nay, never set your Rhetorick o' th' Tenterhooks for the matter,
Nor quicken your invention with your nails,
He can live without her.
End. I praise my manly temper.
The loss *Lewis* I do not much regret;
And wert thou fit for such a secret now ——
Lewis. You do me wrong to doubt my keeping it.
End. I would acquaint thee with my whole Adventure:
I have discover'd how the Market goes,
And see why I am not thought to bid fair,
The scorns *Clarinda* heapt on me
Were favours she oblig'd a Rival with;
She's in love man, desperately in love
See how the World's mistaken in her,
And how groundless my pretensions are.
Lewis. *Clarinda* in love? vers'd with that subtilty too
In his dissembling Maxims to carry it thus?
End. Nay, 'tis a wonder; she that stood upon her guard
And kept us at such distance, to be taken?
Bern. She that set Love and Lovers at defiance,
And seem'd so scrupulously modest, that to name
But *Venus* to her or *Cupid*, was talking bawdy.
Lew. But who's the luckie Woodman has struck this fair Doe?
End. That's the wonder of all wonders, *Bellamy.*
Lew. Away, away, now I see you jest.
End. It is a serious and a sober Truth, sir,
A sad one too it might prove for some body,
Had not I more discretion then all Lovers have.
Bern. The French journey's but a fiction, Man,
A meer slight to make their meetings
Private and unsuspected.
End. But see what a goodly choice she has made,
What a happiness she refuses me for;

A Man of no Fortune, Estate I mean,
For luck he has enough to fool me;
If 'twere wit he out-did me at,
He'd do't above board, and by day-light.
Lew. Y'are misinform'd, I'm sure on't;
I know *Clarinda* better then so, besides *Bellamy*
For another Beauty burns, though't flame not out.
End. For who?
Lew. For *Celia*.
End. Have you acquaintance with her?
Lew. Not much; this I know, she's a great Gallant,
Lives in the Fields here, with a Widow-Aunt
And is Courted by him; 'tis true, Gratitude
As much perhaps as Love, may draw that Courtship
For his engagements to the Lady are great,
His bosome friend has told me all,
One that were happy could your surmize prove true.
End. I go upon sure grounds, *Beatrix* is my Author,
And not to tell you a secret by the halfes
He keeps close at a friends house of yours all day,
At *Gratian's*-

Enter Gratian.

Lew. See where he comes; give me leave, and Ile know all;
He'l make no secret of't to me, I'm confident,
Nor will I to you of what I learn from him.
Ex. End. Bern. Raw.

What pensive still?
Grat. And miserable still.
Lew. What new misfortune causes this complaint?
Grat. 'Tis an old grief mine, *Lewis*; how often
Have I told you with what passion
I burn for *Celia*, and with what violence
Done to my self I do forbear all words
That might disclose that passion a friend
Is Rival in? judge of my miserie then,

For ſure no torments equallize his pain,
That dyes for love, yet dares not once complain.
Lew. How out of ſeaſon theſe reſpects are now?
When *Bellamy*'s abſence gives you place;
Take th' opportunity,
Grat. I'm ne're the happier for a Rivals abſence.
Lew. No? that's ſtrange; but I hear, let me tell you,
His *French* Journey's laid aſide, nay, was ne're intended.
Grat. Who tells you ſo?
Lew. Nay more, 'tis whiſper'd he lies private at your houſe,
Nere ſeem amaz'd, but deal ingenuouſly.
Grat. I did not think it had been known abroad.
Lew. Nor is it generally; but what is his deſign?
Or what can he aim at by this ſtealth?
Grat. I never div'd ſo farr into his breaſt:
I onely underſtood it did concern his life,
Or what was dearer then his life, his Love,
To diſappear ſome time:
All I can gueſs beſides, (and that
But by ſome words he does drop forth by chance)
Is, that ſome jealous thoughts diſturb his mind,
And that to trie his *Celia*'s real kindneſs,
He ſpreads this fain'd report of travel,
That as his abſence proves to this fair one
Irkſom or indifferent,
He may ſee the power of Rivalling Pretenſions.
Lew. 'Tis hotly rumour'd though he loves *Clarinda*.
Grat. That's the town-trick:
Becauſe he's young and courtly, *Clarinda* handſom,
He cannot viſit her, but ſtraight
He's thought in love; nay, though ſhe be not
Beyond common Civility regarded by him,
Yet People need's will have him her Adorer.
The news with *Celia* too has wrought ſo farre,
'Thas coſt her tears; but he in ſuch perſuaſive terms
Still vindicates his conſtancie,
She cannot long believe him falſe.
Lew. Is ſhe ſo much his then ſtill?

Grat. Too

Grat. Too faithful to him ever, too fond indeed:
Though without taking leave he ſtole away,
She ſeeks her ſelf pretences to excuſe him,
And with ſuch care does palliate his neglects,
As ſtops my mouth, and fruſtrates all my hopes.
While I (and that's my height of miſerie)
To make him happy, court my own ruine,
Viſit her at his requeſt, wooe her for him,
And improve each minute to diſcourſe his Love,
Fanning their heats thus, and childiſhly
Playing in a flame that muſt conſume me.
She, with the very name of *Bellamy* raviſht,
To ſit and chat of him intreats my viſits:
I muſt comply.

Lew. 'Tis ſomething a ſevere compliance.

Grat. Thus keep I ſtill ſome intereſt in the family,
And have acceſs to her; and if by ſome
Capriciouſneſs of fate, which oft breaks kindeſt leagues,
They chance to jarre, ſhe may perhaps reflect
A faithful friend ſeldom proves faithleſs Lover.

Lew. I wiſh it may be ſo.
But you'ld be viſiting this cruel fair one.
May ſhe with juſtice ballance both your ſervices,
And then yours will be crown'd. *Ex. Lewis.*

To him Celia, Fannie, Luce.

Grat. See where ſhe comes the fair Cauſe of all my grief;
No more then let the fear of diſpleaſing her keep it in,
For though I ſhould fall under her diſdain,
Her beauty is concern'd I make it known
Her eyes have captiv'd her more ſlaves then one:

Cel. How happily do I meet you?
Sure *Bellamy* is landed long ere this?
A letter from *Callis* now me thinks, to make his peace.

Grat. Madam, I expect ſome by the *French* poſt.

Cel. Why writ he not from *Dover*? nay,
From *Canterbury*, from *Rocheſter*, from *Graves-end*?

Are they not all poſt-towns?
Oh! I could have found twenty ways to ſend to him.
Fan. How well my Cozen knows the road?
Yet I dare ſwear ſhe ne're was further
That way, then *Southwark-fair.*
Lu. Oh this Love is a ſubtle teacher, M^ris *Fannie.*
Fan. Has it taught you any thing, *Luce?*
Cel. Nay, I have reaſon to be angry with him,
To ſteal away thus, and never bid adieu.
Grat. Thence you may judge how great his paſſion is,
That fatal word, *Adieu*, had he but ſpoke it,
Muſt have been his laſt; of ſo much beauty,
So much kindneſs too, who without dying
Could have taken leave?
Cel. I'm eaſily won, *Gratian*,
To a favourable conſtruction of all he does;
My love indeed pleads for him ſtill: and yet
What ere the reaſon of his abſence be,
I might, me thinks, have been acquainted with it.
Grat. Nay, Madam, I excuſe him not, he is too guilty;
I know what courteſies he is indebted to you,
With what a liberal hand you ever pour'd them on him,
And that when ——— ———
Cel. No more of that, I pray;
A Courteſie looſes its merit if publiſht once;
Would I be minded oft, I did deſerve
He ſhould forget it. Beſides if I may
Freely own the motive of thoſe actions
I pleaſur'd my ſelf moſt in obliging him,
I did but juſtice to his fair deſert:
And yet I'le not acquit him neither, I'le think
As you would have me more deſervingly
Of what I did; there's no gift though he's bound
To me for, ſaving that of my heart, my
Love I'ld have requited, then all is paid.
Grat. That is the gift too he does value moſt:
And that he might not all Ungrateful ſeem
To the fair giver, when a neceſſity

Sudden

Sudden as unwelcome forc'd him from what he lov'd,
He ſought to leave you one half of himſelf
Gratian, to fill his room.
And friendſhip now making but one of us,
If 'mong your diſcontents you reckon his abſence,
It ſhall be my care to ſupply his place;
With tears and ſighs I'le figure you his grief,
And will (to act your *Bellamy* to th' life,)
Forget I am not he; from the ſame Eyes
I'le draw my warmth, with the ſame paſſions burn,
And in this perſonated Love outvie——— ——— ———

Cel. Enough, enough: for I begin to fear
Leaſt the pretence of ſpeaking for another
Should urge you further then a friends intereſt
Uſually does, friendſhip tranſports you, *Gratian*;
Temper its heat a little.

Fan. A forward Proxie! hee'ld wed, and bed her
For his friend, would ſhe but let him.

Lu. But ſhee's not ſo comming; though he
Would fain take himſelf for *Bellamy*,
She'll not miſtake him ſo too. *Ex.* Cel. Fan. Luce.

Grat. My ſilence argued me remiſs and ſlack,
And venture at a word, I'm beaten back. *Exit.*

ACT. II.

The SCENE, *Lincolns-Inn-fields.*

Enter Clarinda, Beatrix.

Beat. BY my modeſty, Madam, I'le keep your Counſel: Alas
I ſtand in need of the like good office my ſelf ſometimes,
And they that tell deſerve to be told of, I ſay.
Yet could I but underſtand what you drive at
I might be more ſerviceable.

Clar. What account can I give thee?

In

In such perplexitie my mind's involv'd,
I know not what I would my self.
Beat. You love *Bellamy* though,
Clar. Oh Wench I do.
Beat. And that's it puzzles me now, to see so high an affection
Mushrom-like sprung up o'th sudden, *Bellamy*
Has courted you, and recourted you sigh'd & sob'd, again & again,
Yet all would not do, you were as coy still and as calm,
As nothing had been; nothing but stumps
Could he get of you in a whole years time,
Nothing but No's, and I wo' not's, and I cannot's,
And now in one week y'are so strangely alter'd,
As you were turn'd the wrongside outward;
Y'are got into the loving extream now.
Clar. Alas! I lov'd him all that while;
Though knowing how much a Wealthy fathers bent
Against Pretenders of so small a fortune,
Set cold neglect and rigour in my eyes,
While my heart e'en melted with hot love.
This seeming cruelty had driven him into *France*,
Could I have worn it still, but thou saw'st me
Beaten from that ward; and yield, though he
Gave out he went, he should not go indeed.
Beat. Truly y'are to be pitied: but what good
Can this counterfeiting of a Journey do you?
Clar. His intentions for travel were too well known abroad,
To have the Journey broken thus o'th sudden;
And sifting out the cause, perhaps
Something o'th' truth of it might have been found.
'Tis safer to keep close by day awhile,
And then pretend some reason for's return.

To them Endimion, Shift.

Beat. Endimion, Madam.
Clar. His importunity will here have end.
End. Is it not just I quarrel with my Starrs,
That I can never see you? will you keep home always?

Must

Muſt none enjoy you, but your ſelf?
I ſhall grow jealous of your ſelf at laſt.
Cla. Home is moſt pleaſing to me, and retired thus
I ſee but what I like, and will my ſelf;
What moves you to preſs on my retirement?
End. Will you never take pity of my ſufferings?
Clar. Bewail your ſelf ſome where elſe, I'm ignorant of your griefs.
End. Love. —— *Clar.* Never name a Tyrant I abhor.
End. But a Lover that ſuffers. — —
Clar. Leave out that name of Lover,
There is ſuch a diſcord in the ſound, I hate it.
End. Unjuſtly though, methinks;
For ſure with fewer charms Nature does frame
What ſhe means not the object of our Loves.
Clar. Will you never leave this odious talk?
End. Will you be lovely thus, and cruel ſtill?
Oh what Flames do thoſe Eyes kindle in my breaſt!
Clar. What averſion does this diſcourſe beget in mine!
End. Heavens! how they ſparkle! how many deaths
They ſhoot, thoſe Star-like twins!
Clar. Oh, I could hate the Sun, whoſe light I ſee you by.
End. The Moon indeed is ſomething kinder to you,
No doubt, but to her light
You are beholding for a lovelier ſight.
Clar. I underſtand you not.
End. You will not.
Clar. You think to fright me with this obſcure diſcourſe.
End. I can clear it, if I am put to't.
Clar. Nay, 'tis time to be gone then;
I ſee y'are angry, and might uſe me worſe,
End. ſtaying her. Without hearing my reaſons?
Clar. I care not for 'em:
End. But you muſt hear 'em though; 'tis a Love-ſuit
I am concern'd in, you ſhall be judge i'th' caſe;
Y'have heard my Adverſary at leiſure,
And tane perhaps ſome prejudice againſt my right;
'Tis my turn now to have an Audience of you,

Since he has it by night, I may well
Claim one by day; not that I do expect
A Garden door ſhould be left jarr'd
For me to ſlip in, nor *Beatrix* there
Confidingly to watch, none interrupt my ſtory;
Much leſs that you your ſelf ſhould wait
My comming in an Arbour.
Were I ſuppos'd in *France*, and yet in ſpight of Seas
Could meet you at an hours warning, then indeed
I might deſerve a kinder welcome.
Sh. A pox on's memory! he has not left out a tittle, } *to him-*
What a ſpeech has he made here? } *ſelf.*
Could I find no body elſe to tattle too?
Cla. What have I heard?
Sh. Oh Sir! what have you done?
End. 'Tis but a juſt revenge of her unjuſt
And undeſerved ſcorn.
Clar. to *Be.* Thou haſt betrayed me,
Beat. Believe me, Madam. ——
Clar. Away thou faithleſs wretch, thou haſt ſold me;
Unhappy ſhe, that truſts ſuch mercenary ſouls.
Sh. to *End.* Now will poor *Beatrix* be turn'd away.
Beat. I would to Heaven you did not with your anger
Avow your ſelf what I had ſtill conceal'd,
And this reproaching me did not confirm. ——
Clar. Peace Impudence: juſtifying your ſelf?
Sh. to *End.* I had need of a good back now,
'Twill all fall upon me.
End. 'Tis paſt now, who can help it? but for my intereſt,
For thine own, for *Beatrix* ſake, for all; prethee *Shift*
And thou canſt, peece it up again, make any ſhift.
Invent, Frame, Lye, Swear, any thing, I'le ſecond it.
Clar. Nay, 'tis reſolv'd, ne'r ſpeak on't more:
Beat. Well, I muſt pack then, ſince you'l have it ſo
But may I now before your face, if ever I told tale. ——
Clar. Oh, 'tis an innocent piece!
Sh. I have much adoe ſir, to make a good lie o' th' ſudden;
But this ſhall ſerve for want of a better.

End. Good

End. Good or bad, let's have it; I'le help thee out.
Sh. And you turn me away to morrow ſir, I will tell
I'le ſpeak the Truth in ſpight of all Maſters, I:
To Clar. Madam, put up your anger, or turn it the right way:
To End. Nay, never wink on me, nor frown,
Nor make me ſigns to hold my peace;
Truth muſt be heard, and ſhall.
To Clar. Beatrix never betray'd your ſecrets,
Nor does ſhe prattle of your Love,
The Stars, the Stars themſelves diſcover'd all.
Clar. What means the Fellow?
Sh. You don't believe me now?
But I muſt tell you though, and you'l find it true too,
That this Maſter of mine (as out of countenance as you ſee him)
Has not ſtowage for his great Capacity,
Nor the World his fellow in *Aſtrology*,
The Man i' th' *Strand* was an Aſs to him, when he was at beſt,
He can make the Brazen head ſpeak at this hour,
Spirits he could raiſe *Sans nombre*
And make them talk too,
Till we were all weary of their company.
If ever an *Endimion* ſlept in the Moon's lap,
This is he, for he has as much familiarity with her,
To my knowledge, as that comes to.
Beat. Thy Maſter an *Aſtrologer*?
Sh. I, Twenty.
Beat. What Twenty Aſtrologers, and but one Man?
Thou wilt tell a lie anon. *aſide.*
Sh. I mean, he caſts Figures, and raiſes Appearances
As faſt as Twenty;
End. This ſtory'll cry me up for a fine fellow. *aſide.*
To Sh. What ſirrah? *Sh.* Yes ſir.
Beat. aſide. If ſhe would but believe him now!
Sh. Nay, you are an *Aſtrologer* if ever man was:
I know I looſe my place, and forfeit my no ſmall
Arrears of wages too in diſcovering it,
But I love *Beatrix*, Queen of *Beatrixes*.

And ought to free her from the ſuſpicion
To Clar. Her Miſtreſs has conceiv'd; he has made me mad
This week with his Ovals and his Circles,
He contemplates the Stars in nights ſo dark
They dare not appear, and is ſtaring abroad,
When the dogs will not peep out.
End. Well ſaid, Bull-dog! *aſide.*
Sh. By Moon-light, by Owl-light, by any light,
By no light; and in his Chamber
Continually poaring on a great black Book
Full of pot-hooks of all ſorts and ſizes,
The Inventory o' th' Devils Kitchin, 'tis I think:
And thus has he diſcover'd your Amours
But in what Devils name, or which leaf of the Book
Y'are written in, truly that I cannot tell you yet.
Clar. This is a jeſting Knave, and yet *aſide.*
There may be ſome Truth in what he ſays too;
Stranger things have been found out by that Art.
End. Why, thou everlaſting prittle prattle!
Will't never have done? who has hired thee here
To tell a ſtory of a Cock and a Bull?
Sh. I, I, Cocks and Bulls; thoſe are ſome of your Familiars.
Madam, I have not ſaid a word, but what is true.
I'le juſtify't, let him raiſe as many devils as he will,
What I have ſaid will ſhame 'em all.
Beat. Meaning, 'tis truth he has ſpoke; *aſide.*
Which is not the leaſt of his lies.
Sh. Did not you ſhew me a Garden, *To End.*
Laſt night, in one of your enchanted Glaſſes,
And bid me mark an Arbour to the *Weſt* of that Garden?
I know not *Weſt* from *Eaſt*, not I;
But I perceiv'd it ſtood in one corner of the Garden,
And mark'd it ſo well, I can tell you *To Clar.*
What 'twas made of too, of Lauretine.
Clar. There is ſuch an Arbor i' th' Garden.
Beat. Yes Madam, there is indeed:
God-a-mercy though, that he ſaw it once, *aſide.*
When I took him into th' Garden,

His

His Master's glasses had nere shew'd it him else.
Sh. But that you chiefly bade me observe,
And were your self so vext at heart to see,
Was the Lady *Clarinda* here sitting in that arbour;
In a melancholy posture you were, I'le assure you, Madam,
Thus with your hand supporting of your head,
And look'd, in my eye, as you had waited
For something, made you think the time long ere it came;
And so it prov'd indeed; for casting by command my eye
To another side of the Mirrour, I spied a Gallant
Enter'd the Garden make straight up to the arbour,
And saw your first salute; 'tis true, I could not
Hear him what he said, (and by that I guess
The devil's not so great with th' ears as with the eyes.)
But I suppose he did excuse his coming late,
And took such special notice of his garbe,
I'd know him in a croud of Courtiers,
Amongst clowns any one might discern him,
I could describe his habit too for need——————
End. Oh! you have said enough, Sir, you have said enough;
And more then will stand with my credit, Madam,
To have believ'd, I'm worse then an Astrologer then,
He makes me conjure too: but since it is not
For my honour now to hide the truth from you;
I must confess that in my travels
'Twas my fortune to grow intimate with a learned Man,
Sometime a Scholar to the fam'd *Nostredamus*,
Who took some pains with me, my aptness
To his impressions making him with pleasure, as he said,
Impart his secrets, nor knew he ought
In *Physiognomy*, *Palmistry*, *Astronomy*,
Nor hardly in all the *Mathematicks*
He read not to me; what ere belongs, I'm sure,
To th' *Opticks* or *Mechanicks* he did disclose.
Thus came my skill.
Sh. I never heard this so perfectly before.
Beat. I don't think thou didst.
End. But to own it publickly

I know too well the disrepute 'tis in
Amongst the Vulgar, too apt to give events
(Whose cause their dull capacity cannot reach)
To the black Art, and think the devil author
Of all subtleties above 'em; which makes my man
Talk of familiars, and take (dull brain!)
Our Optick glasses for enchanted one's.

Sh. Besides the wrong some late Professors too
Have done that art, by prostituting it
To men in power.

End. A servile flatterie!

Sh. Made him more cautious in such times as those,
When it was dangerous not to be base,
How he seem'd knowing.

End. But tired out at last with
Your too rigorous usage, your servants all
Too trusty, or too ignorant to betray me! *Beat. Curt'sies.*
The cause on't;
I was resolv'd to find it out my self
In that great book, where truth's so fairly writ
For those have studied the bright Character:
I did consult the stars,
I found the garden, and the arbour too,
Bellamy's real happiness, and suppos'd absence.
But let not this discovery trouble you,
For my own interest I must keep your Counsel,
Our fortune is the same, 'tis but one secret for another,
My Man has told you mine, I found out yours,
Keep you but one of 'em, and I warrant you for the other.

Beat. 'Tis an able Man, I promise you!

Sh. You'l believe me another time, I hope, to *Clar.*
I was i'th right, you see.

Beat. The truth, I trow, does justifie me now, Madam.
I had heard it mutter'd indeed, he took upon him
To tell fortunes, interpret dreams, or so;
And could have made *Almanacks* too, for his skill,
But that he thought it a discredit to his youth,
To grow weather-wise so soon: but I had sold you,

I had betrayed you, I; he knew all from me.
Clar. Truth, I was loath to suspect thee,
I had no former grounds for't;
Had it not been for his *Astrologie* though,
What could he have known, unless I had been betray'd.
Beat. You may, remember too, if any Incredulity remain,
How much my old Master talks of Astrologie,
And what feats he was wont to do in's youth,
As he tells us, by the Vertue of *Mars* and *Venus*.
Clar. My father talks much of Astrologie indeed,
What I have heard from him, helps to perswade,
End. Thou could'st not pitch upon a quainter fancie. } *aloud having whisper'd*
Sh. Twas *extempore*, Sir, remember that,
And may give some small hint of my faculty;
A little premeditation had afforded you a better.
End. It needs not, this fable is as currant with her.
Sh. Nay, she is finely fool'd; you shall
Have her in such a suppliant Style now,
She's sore afraid of you, I see by her eyes.
Clar. Noble *Endymion*, whose clear-sighted mind
Is onely paralel to your generous heart.
Sh. Did I not tell you?
End. Hear her Apologie.
Clar. A slighted Lover's anger I should fear,
Were the excuse I am now to make you,
Due to any other, but you that know
The Influence of the stars, and force of destiny,
Will not deem it a Crime in me, to act
What they decree: when great ones can't eschew
What they portend her, what should weak women do?
Beat. Peace, peace, your father's coming,
Your father's coming; 'tis his hem.
End. Would he would hem some where else,
We did not want him here.

To them Sr Christopher Credulous.

Sr *Chr.* Now, what's the business with this young Gallant?

Clar. 'Tis

Clar. 'Tis Curiosity, Sir, I must confess;
I heard not long since by a friend of mine,
He was most knowing in Astrologie,
And having by her means wrought his acquaintance,
A Maiden-longing, which I blush to own,
Made me now question him 'bout my husband's name,
And when I should be married.
I'le try your skill though for once good Mr Astrologer. *aside.*

Beat. The old man wil have him into the Star-chamber presently. *aside.*

End. She doubts my science, & sets him on to make trial of't. *to Sh.*
I le bear up bravely, and 't shall go hard,
But I'le beat that old tired Cock out o'th' pit.

Sr *Chr.* Are you a fortune-teller? do'e make Almanacks? hah!

Sh. Montelions perhaps, or so.

Sr *Chr.* He's the spruceſt truly o'th trade, I ere yet saw.

Enter to them Lewis, Bernard. *They stand aside with* Shift, *who tells them what has past between his Master and* Clarinda.

End. How rudely the man begins? this is no fair disputant.

Sr *Chr.* What does he tell thee troubles thee thus?

End. I told her, Sir, of some hard fortune, which
By th' malign aspect of an inauspicious Planet
I find her threatned with.
She takes it somewhat to heart, as you see.

Sr *Chr.* Thou art too blame, thou art too blame
To be so much concern'd.
In so short a time what could you discover?

End. That shee's decree'd
To make the fortunes of a younger Brother,
Or some such wanting Gentleman;
For he whom she's to marrie
Is rich in person onely, and a comely mine.

Beat. Who would not think he spoke truth now, *aside.*
He delivers himself with such confidence?

The

The good Gentleman out-lies his man,
Foils him at his own weapon, Impudence.
Sr *Chr.* Fear it not upon such slight grounds,
'Tis but one Doctors, opinion, I warrant you.
Clar. I would I had not heard it though;
The Prediction has made strong impressions on me.
Would it did so on you too, that you might be perswaded *aside.*
There were no remedy, but I must have *Bellamy*,
The fine wanting Gentleman he points at.
Sr *Chr* My Daughter meat for younger Brothers?
Fear 'em not, I say again, let me alone
To stave them off, and wanting Heirs are as bad to me
As a poor Cadet, I'le beware of them too.
Clar. *Endimion*, though that reads my destiny thus,
Is a knowing Man, Father, one never yet mistaken,
Nor ever saw he, as he protests
The Stars on any one Event fix'd so unanimous;
This would work, I think, on any one,
It falling so right with my own desires. *aside.*
End. She takes more pains to delude her Father, *aside.*
Then I did to gull her: I shall be an Astrologer
At this rate, whether I will or no.
Sr *Chr.* Many Men have employ'd all their Lives
In this Study, and yet died short
O' th' excellence of it too; and how this Man
Should arrive at the height of it so young,
I wonder much, I promise you.
Beat. It is with Schollars, I have heard, Sir,
As with Travellers; not always he that first sets forth,
But he that takes the neareſt way, gets sooneſt home.
Bern. And what of him that's best hors'd?
Lew. He out-rides his fellows.
Bern. Why, thou art a parcel wise Man too.
Sr *Chr.* Certes *Astrologie* is a noble Science,
Worth th' application of ingenious minds!
If you are such a Master of her secrets,
Few that pretend to th' name come near

Deserving it so well; all men
Are not fit for speculation now a-dayes,
Youth especially, is all on Action bent;
So young therefore, and so learned, deserves
All Honour and Applause; and I am heartily yours.
I ever was affected to Men of merit,
A lover of Learning always, I:
And to speak truth, in my younger days
I was a dabler this way too, my self;
But marrying too soon, marr'd my Study,
My Wife burnt all my Books, and I soon fell
From casting Figures, to cast up accounts;
Domestick care, Law-suits,

Beat. And good-fellowship too a little.

Sr *Chr.* Kept me from excelling. but tell me Sir, I pray;
Are not those Planets (*Mars* and *Saturn* excepted)
Of the happiest influence, whose Paralels are the greatest?
How like you *Mercury* beholding *Venus*,
With a *trine Aspect*? or, what think you,
Of the same *Mercury* in *conjunction* with *Hecate*?

End. The Man speaks *Hebrew* sure;
And he would take his answer in *Gibberish* now,
'Twere some thing:

Lew. Here are words as able to fright away an Ague,
As *Voiture's Abracadabra*

Sh. He had need be an *Astrologer* now indeed

End. I'le have one push for't.

Bern. Heark, he has provided an answer

End. to Sr *Chr.* Those Planets I account the happiest, none excepted,
Whose influence on Man and Woman pour down
What each desireth most.

Lew. Learnedly answered!

End. *Venus*, you know your self, (but that y'are pleas'd
To try my younger skill;) to Lovers does presage all bliss,
As *Mars* has a kindness for the Men of War;
Saturn is powerful with the *Saturnians*:
Marry, if *Mercury* eye *Venus* once,

There.

There are *Cuckolds* made i'th' City:
Some falſe Dice may be abroad too,
For he was a wag both ways, you know.
Sr *Chr.* But what if with a *trine Aſpect*, what then, Sir?
End. That's worſt of all, Sir; then are the Cuckold-makers at (work
In City, Court, and Countrey: if with a *trine Aſpect*,
Then let all Men look to their Wives,
Their handſome Wives eſpecially.
Oh, 'tis a Cornuting Conſtellation!
Sh. And governs this Cornuting age.
Beat. I never heard why we had ſo many Cuckolds before.
Sr *Chr.* Indeed, indeed, law-Daughter, I would
He had told thee thou ſhould'ſt have
A rich old Knight, or ſome Alderman;
For ſure enough he had reaſon for what he ſaid,
Beat. No queſtion but he had, though neither ſhe, *aſide.*
Nor you, know what reaſon
Sr *Chr.* But what of the Conjunction, Sir,
End. Of *Mercury* with *Hecate*?
I have much adoe to ſpeak the Goblin-words after him. *aſide.*
It is a very critical one.
Sr *Chr.* Is it ſo? is it ſo? indeed?
End. Have at him now with down right non-ſence. *aſide.*
To Sr *Chr.* The *Triplicity* of it, as well as the *Union*
Of *Hecate* with *Mercury*, being *Retrograde*,
Or in *combin'd Aſpects*, in the *Horizon*
Of a *croſs Aſcendant*, on ſuch weak brains
Might *paralax* at laſt.——————
Sr *Chr.* Y'are too high for me, I promiſe you;
This is all out of my reach; if you would deſcend
To ſomewhat a more vulgar and intelligible phraſe.
End. Theſe are terms of Art, Sir.
I thought I ſhould poſe you. *aſide.*
Sr *Chr.* Pardon my age, Sir; 'tis ſo long ſince I
Broak Correſpondence with the Art, the tearms
Are as ſtrange to me now, as I ne'r had heard 'em;
And methinks too, they hardly were in uſe

When I was at the University:
But time that alters us, will alter Science too,
It has a daily increase, though we decay,
And other Countreys may have other Methods.
End. Of late years, Sir, in the *Mathematicks*
There are great alterations, they erect *Schemes*
A new way now, and have new names
Belonging to the *Horoscope*, *Nostradamus* him self,
Whom my Master follow'd, had his tearms
And rules apart, wherefore the phrase
I'm studied in, may well seem strange to you.
But School-men are like Carriers-horses; We plod on
In our old pad; like us, or understand us, who will.
Sr *Chr.* Do you so? do you so? That's something strange me-
(thinks,
Yet amongst friends, you might vouchsafe, Sir, to be understood.

To them La-gripe.

La-gripe. To Sr *Chr.* A vord vis your Vorship. { *They*
Sr *Chr.* How now? what's the matter, *Lagripe?* { *whisper.*
Sh. You claw it away with hard words.
End. Thou seest, I sweat for't;
But for a friend now at need, relieve me
With an errand, or find some trick or other
To take off this old Lover, of he knows not what
Sr *Chr.* Your Pardon, Sir, it is an earnest business,
I should not leave you else, I'm e'en full loath as, 'tis,
For I did long to understand those new tearms,
That I did: but we shall meet again
And discourse these learned Misteries, we'l try
Some *Mathematical* experiments too;
Nay, I have some Secrets worth your knowing:
But farewel farewel for this time.

Ex. Sir Chr. Clar. Beat. Lagripe.

End. I

End. I had rather believe you, then ſtand to ſift 'em out.
I'm rid of him without thy help at laſt. to *Sh.*
Lewis, Bernard, I have had the fineſt adventure,
The prettieſt part put upon me.
Lew. Shift has made us laugh at it alreadie,
Bern. We ſtood aloof off all the while, and heard
How aſtrologically the old man queſtion'd you:
End. And as Aſtrologically I anſwer'd him, I hope:
But he could not follow through the houſes of the Sun
The pace I led him, he loſt ſight of me preſently.
Bern. You did not vanquiſh him fairly, he underſtood you not.
End. It had been much he ſhould,
When I did not underſtand my ſelf.
Lew. 'Tis fit you take ſome pains in both,
He'l expect an expounding viſit.
End. Bleſs me from undeſign'd Encounters,
Such as this day's; and if by my good will
I viſit him, let him plague me with non-ſenſe;
Let him retaliate, and ſpare not.
Bern. D'ee mean to trade in non-ſenſe ſtill?
A great *Aſtronomer,* or one taken for ſuch ——— ———
End. Hee'l quickly find how I played upon him,
For what queſtions did he put to a Man,
That knows neither Signs nor Planets?
Lew. With your bold anſwers you ſo mall'd him though,
He's yet well ſtunned, and with as much eaſe
I durſt wager, you'l foil him next encounter.
Bern. Give him t'other fall, compleat your Victorie,
'Tis for the credit of learning
The work be not left imperfect.
Lew. We'l be the trumpet of your fame,
And ſound your skill throughout the town.
Bern. What think you of poſting up bills?
As others of the profeſſion do.
Sh. And give ſome at the Play-houſe doors
As they do for a match at the Bear-garden.
Bern. Or get him put into the Gazette
By way of Advertiſement for the publick good

Of what a Mine of Learning is discover'd.

Lew. Either will convince the old knight, to *Bern.*
And if besides, by strangers we shall have prepar'd, to *End.*
Th' amazing rumour of your daily wonders
But reach his ear, as I'le be sure it shall;
Being full already of this first enterview,
He'l be so gull'd, as nere old dotard was.

End. That I believe; but this fine pastime
Venture's me a little too farre;
You consider not the danger may ensue,
Engaging thus my credit, and my quiet too; for 'twill
Draw all the curious fools o'th' town about my ears.

Bern. So we shall know how full the town is of fools,
And should they find, y'are but a counterfeit,
'Twill pass but for a trick of youth at worst.

End. What sport soever we may fancie thus,
It cannot last long; for if it be
So generally bruited, I shall have questi ns
Put me hourly, and then my answers
Must doubtless get me great repute.

Bern. What matter? you'l answer as other Pretenders do,
Sometimes I, sometimes no; be it favourably,
Or fatally; have some respect to age and sex,
And for the rest, happy be lucky.

Sh. A fortune-teller never warrants any thing;
You answer not upon oath, Sir; and then you know,
One may strain a little, without venturing ears.

Lew. In Astrologie the best of 'em does as much
By chance as skill: 'tis meer hab-nab.

Sh. What if you throw Cross or Pile, whether you say,
I, or no. or tell your buttons, I, no; I, no:

End. There are ways indeed.

Sh. Why, 'tis an even lay, you hit right either way,
When there is but a right and a wrong in the case.

Bern. Have I not read of a judge was swayed by
Cast of Dice in trials of Life and death?

Sh. The high fullons sav'd some, the low hang'd the rest.

Bern. Right.

Lew. This

Lew. This remember; never to affirm any thing
With certainty, with what is past or present
Be very cautious how you meddle,
'Tis as dangerous in this Profession
As speaking treason; o'th' future it self
Speak but obscurely neither, to your Consulters
'Twill pass for learnedly, they must
Allow you to be i'th' clouds a little.
Bern. Let your Answers be like Oracles, wonder'd at,
Not understood, foretel more good fortune
For the most part then bad,
That will send 'em away pleas'd at least:
Sh. And in that good humour they'l remember
Your poor servants; our Wages may be earn'd this way.
End. Thou Mercenary fool.

To them Gratian.

Lew. Here's *Gratian*; be gone,
Wee'l begin with him, he's credulous.
End. I leave it t'ee, Gentlemen;
Manage the device as you will your selves,
Come *Shift*. *Ex. End. Sh.*
Lew. Who would have thought it? } *taking no notice of Grat.*
Bern. Who can well believe it yet? }
Lew. 'Tis strange.
Bern. 'Tis beyond imagination.
Grat. How is it with you, Gentlemen?
Lew. We hardly know our selves;
We are wrapt in such a cloud of Wonders;
Bern. Most miraculous!
Grat. May not I know what? I would fain wonder too.
Lew. I fear least —— *looking about him.*
Grat. You need not; here's none to over-hear us.
Lew. But it requires a secrecy.
Grat. Trust me.
Lew. *Endimion* declar'd even now.
Grat. Declar'd? what?

Bern. And

Bern. And did before our face things so incredible
Almost to eye-witnesses, I'm loth to speak 'em.
Grat. What did he do?
Lew. I never met with, nor indeed heard of his fellow.
He is so highly knowing in *Astrologie*,
And shews his skill in practises so admirable,
I could suspect he conjur'd.
Bern. He told me passages of my life, and almost in an instant,
Which without Enchantment, I know not
How he should discover: yet all he did,
Was by Conjectures from my palm and face,
And certain figures drawn o'th' sudden;
For he is also a *Chiromancer*, and a *Physiognomist*.
Who could imagine, seeing him so spruce, so gay? ——
Grat. Is it not *Endimion* the Wit, that travell'd *Monsieur*,
Whose Gallantry and Conversation are so much cried up:
He's of the Society too, I think.
Lew. Yes, yes, an eminent member: he has some rare secret sure
Which other Artists are not yet arriv'd at.
Grat. I ever took him for a well-willer
To the *Mathematicks* indeed; Some twice or thrice,
I think, I have convers'd with him,
And found him then, both by his Countenance and discours
An Astrologer, I will not say,
For that great knowledge he took care, belike,
To hide from all, but bosome friends;
But a person of sharp wit and excellent understanding
I clearly saw he was;
A Man addicted too to curious sciences.
Lew. What will you say, if I carry you with me
Some day, that he has undertaken
To shew me a Beautie, had some kindness for me
In *Paris*? the French Mistress y'have heard me speak of.
Grat. Is't possible he can? —— —— ——
Bern. That's nothing to what he can do.
He made a Picture speak before us,
And that's the Cause of this astonishment.
Grat. May I believe this?

Lew. You

Lew. You have both Eyes an Ears, will you believe them?
Grat. Dear *Lewis*, make me better acquainted
With this rare Man; he'l tell me
Whether *Bellamy* be jealous, or no; and why.——
Lew. I have enquir'd that out for you already:
He meets *Clarinda* by night, and abuſes *Celia*.
Grat. He does go out by night indeed
Lew. And to that purpoſe; never doubt it.
Grat. I'm overjoy'd, if it be ſo.
Lew. But not a word, dear *Gratian*, as you love me,
Of *Endimion*; he would be *Lamm'd*
If what we know were ſpread abroad.
Bern. Here's one i'th ſnare already.

Ex. Lewis, Bern.

Grat. *Endymion* an Aſtronomer, and *Bellamy* faithleſs!
Love give thee thanks, th' opportunity's a fair one;
I le ſtraight to *Celia*, there I'le boaſt his Art,
By which, (if Love and I can make her bold enough)
She may diſcover how ſhe is abus'd,
Then diſpoſſeſt
Of the fair thoughts ſhe holds of this falſe Man,
Her heart for me becomes an eaſie prize.
Nor can he tax me with a breach of truſt
That to his Miſtriſs is much more unjuſt,

ACT. III.

The Firſt SCENE, Endimion's *Lodgings.*

Enter Endimion, Lewis, Bernard, Rawman, Shift *with a Satchel at his back.*

Lewis. FAmous *Aſtronomer*, moſt admired Genius,
You that are now the only Town-talk grown,
As never plot was half ſo well contriv'd,
So never any yet took as this does.
Bern. No Man, but is perſwaded of your skill,
No Man, but with reſpect does gaze upon you;
And if ſome croſs accident ſpoil not the ſport,
You will be taken for a Prophet ſhortly.
End. And to preſerve that good opinion, Sir, *With a Book in's hand.*
See, I looſe no time.
Sh. Witneſs my burthen here. *Setting down his Satchel.*
Lew. Why, what haſt thou got there?
Raw. His Worſhips Library.
Sh. I think I may be worthy to carry { *Gives 'em two or three Books.*
Books after him, as famous a Man as he is.
Lew. A *Lillie's Almanack.*
Bern. And a *Whartons.*
Sh. There's the *Pro* and *Con*
That will make him a good Diſputant.
Lew. *Wings Ephemerides!* I marry Sir;
Here's an Airy Author indeed.
Sh. My Maſter ſoars as high as the loftieſt of 'em.
Bern. You know the *houſes of the Sun*, I hope, by this.
Sh. As well as any man here does *Coffee-houſes* or *Bawdy-houſes.*
End. Peace Scurrility; that he had houſes I knew before:
Raw. I ever held him a mighty Prince,
And did believe he was well lodg'd.
End. But now I know his Riſings and his Settings too, *Heliack*, *Coſmick*,

Cosmick, and *Acronick*; the number of the Spheres, both *Tropicks*, that of *Cancer*, and of *Capricorn*, the *Artick* and *Antartick-Poles*, the *Paralels*, *Ecliptick-line*, the *Climate*, *Point-Vertical*: and what not.

Sh. Nay then, I'le lay aside this superfluous Learning,
He has enough without book. { *Carrys in the Satchel and returns.*

End. Alas Sir, *Mercury in conjunction with Hecate.*
Or *beholding* Venus *with a* trine Aspect,
Thanks to my Almanack here, is not *Hebrew* now,
'Tis but a labour, though of memorie yet,
My Judgement is not much improv'd,
And I must shun Sir *Christopher* a while;
But what progress have you made with the Pageant?

Lew. A fair one, I think, for the time,

Bern. Such as you'ld laugh to trace us thorow.

Lew. My first station was to a house where I
Was sure I should meet company, and of
The best; a kind of Lady-ordinary,
Where they were beasting it, for that game's in
Fashion still, though *Hombre* be more Courtly.
To th' standers by, I whisper'd first my news,
Then 'mongst the Bettors it began to spread,
At last it wrought the Gamesters too, and found
Even amongst the loosers such concern,
They could sit still, and question me about you;
They must play on though, but they were so full
of Signs and Planets, that in stead of *Play*
A Madam cried out *Venus*, and a Man
Of War for *Counter*, straight cried *Mars*.

End. I fear 'twas I beasted her.

Lewis. When I saw t work so well, I left 'em, and to th' play;
Where to disseminate my story best,
I'th' pit, I whisper'd it from ear to ear;
And thus confidingly it spread so well,
That by the end it was in every mouth:
Going out, (I laugh still at the conceit)
A friend rounds me i'th ear with my own lye,

Which with ſo many oaths he vouch'd for truth,
I made ſome ſcruple not to believe him.

End. A moſt excellent progreſs!

Lew. Is it not?

End. But prethee *Bernard*, where haſt thou preacht me up?

Bern. To Court, I; for that's the ſtaple of news.

Raw. I'le ſee what they ſay of my Maſter at the Bake-houſe,
For that's my ſtaple of news. Ex. *with* Shift.

Bern. But peeping by the way into th' *Exchange*,
I met with one did lye for you the heartilieſt,
Relating twenty monſtrous things y' had done,
To which he ſwore himſelf a witneſs too:
Some five or ſix had hemm'd him in,
And hung upon his tongue, his lying tongue,
With an attention great as his impudence;
I hearkened too a while, (then to try his mettle)
Took on me to conteſt ſome points he had averr'd:
But he, full fraught with wrath and indignation;
I ſpeak but what I've ſeen, and you perhaps
Gain-ſay't for want of knowledge of the perſon,
Or elſe you envie men of worth and parts.
When I, ſeeing him ſo fierce, for fear of being beaten,
E'en ſneak'd away to laugh at him at leiſure.

End. What impudent fellows there are about this Town?
Travellers and Falkoners are modeſt to this vap'ring, Sir,
'Twere an excellent Genius to write *Diurnals*;
Is he not ſomething a kin to old *Politicus*, think you?

Lew. He would out-lye him ſome furlongs

Bern Novelty has its Sectators every where
As groſs lies paſs for currant truth daily.

Lew. They did indeed.

End. But why baulk'd you *Grays-Inn-walks*, the *Coffee-houſes* or ſome ſage *Club*
There your grand News-mongers conferre.

Lew. Retailers of grave, ſerious lies, they:
But mine was for the young, the gameſome ones.

End. And with what credit they receive it!

Bern. Were I ſure, lying would always thrive thus,

I'ld

I'ld make a vow never to ſpeak truth more.
End. But at Court, *Bernard.*

Enter Shift, Rawman.

Sh. A Lady, Sir, a handſome Lady too,
though her hoods hide part of her beautie,
Would fain have you to her ſelf a while.
End. To her ſelf? why, what would ſhe doe with me?
Sh. Was that a fit queſtion for me to ask?
As if they would tell ſervants,
What they do with their Maſters;
They are not ſo immodeſt, I hope.
Raw. Some of their ſtories would make me bluſh.
But this Lady looks with ſome honeſty,
And deſires to ſpeak with you in private.
End. Wait on her in. *Ex. Sh. Raw.*
Step you two into that drawing room a little.
If there were ſome Aſtrologie i'th' viſit now.
Lew. I hope 'tis the Aſtrologer the Ladie makes it to.
You want ſuch Viſitants.
Bern. You muſt wittily and boldly chiauſe two or three,
And then you'l be in Vogue indeed.
End. What ere it be from hence you may obſerve us.
Ex. Lewis & Bernard.

Enter Celia, Fannie, Luce, Shift, Rawman.

Cel. Are you not ſurpriz'd at the confidence of ſuch a viſit?
End. I'm honour'd with it, Madam, beyond meaſure honour'd.
Beſhrew me 'tis a fair Lady indeed, a very fair one. *to Sh.*
Sh. I hope, Sir, I han't ſo little skill in beautie,
But you may take my word for a good face.
End. Truſt me, I do not ſee a better.
How may I ſerve you, Ladie? how may I deſerve
The pains y'have taken thus, to find me out?
Cel. To ſee *Endimion* I would have done more;
With ſuch impatience did I long to be

Acquainted with the *Genius* of the age;
The learned'ſt Man our *England* ever bred.
Oh *Luce!* I tremble; I ſhall never have courage
To utter what I come about.
Lu. What need you ſpeak at all? he can underſtand you
By ſigns and tokens, as well as he were deaf and dumb.
End. Madam, I want expreſſions to return
A Complement ſo ill-deſerv'd, 'tis true
I have ſome ſlight tincture of knowledge, but ——————
Cel. Nay, nay, your modeſty is fruitleſs, I know your abilities.
End. This eſteem is too obliging, Ladie; but could I ſerve you,
I ſhould value my ſelf too.
Cel. Oh *Endimion!*
End. What means that ſigh?
Cel. You might ſave me the ſhame of being truch-man to't.
Sh. She's in love w'ee.
End. By my Aſtrologie I would ſhe were,
On condition I had forfeited all my Intereſt in the ſtars.
Cel. The knowledge y'are ſo envied for
Of my deſires cannot leave you ignorant.
Sh. S'lid, would you have her make love t'ee down-right?
And ſhe'd ſay but half as much to me,
I'd underſtand her, I warrant you:
Y'are the ſtrangeſt Man.
Raw. So you would have had her-a-told us her errand too:
Yes, I warrant you.
Women love to do that they won't ſay;
Some pretty things have but courſe names.
End. By that very reaſon, Lady, that you give
For your ſilence, you ought to ſpeak your mind;
If I know a'ready what brings you hither,
Your free declaring it to me ought not
Add any thing to your confuſion.
Sh. Excellently well argued! what fen'ding & proving here is?
He's cried up for a wit, and the Wench
Will laugh at him for a fool, a dull one.
Raw. I had beſt talk to her for the credit o'th' houſe.
That ſhe may ſee there's ſome quickneſs

Of

Of apprehenſion i'th' family, ſome feeling left.

Cel. What can the hearing of my weakneſs avail you?
You know the languiſhing deſires I'm preſt withall,
My coming t'ee, my ſtanding thus before you,
Thus bluſhing and diſcountenanc'd, does ſpeak my mind;
Uſe me not then with ſo much cruelty, but ſince
Baſhfulneſs hinders me naming my requeſt,
Do what I would have you, without my ſaying what.

Sh. Pray do, Sir, without more bidding.

Cel. I ſee, you are not free to ſtrangers, Sir,
I could have made an Intereſt you would not have refus'd
Any courteſie the ſtars make you Maſter of.

End. 'Tis clear now; ſome Aſtrologicall queſtion
She has to put me.

Sh. Y'are e'en well enough ſerv'd, and 't be,
That would not underſtand her other meaning.

Ram. She'l ſhift her arrant now, and invent ſomething
To plague you with, I hope.

Sh. Would ſhe had made *Shift* her arrant,
She had ſped better.

Raw. Very likely.

End. Is ſhe mad, to expect I ſhould know her thought;
Am I a *Magician*, or am I the *devil* himſelf to do't?

Sh. If it be Aſtrologie, ſome bombaſt words
She cannot underſtand, will quickly put her out of play,

Fan. Unmannerly fellows, they are theſe Conjurers,
They will not ſatisfie a Ladie without ſo much intreatie.

Lu. I'ld e'en leave him, Madam, and go to another;
What little pyed devil's that, whiſpers with him?

Cel. 'Tis his Man.

Lu. His *Zanie*, his *Jack-Pudding*;

Fan. 'Tis ſome quack this, I warrant you, ſome Mountebank.

Cel. Peace, he comes towards us.

Raw. Wrap your Anſwer in Fuſtian, Sir, 'tis a warm wear,
And will look gravely.

End. Not to belye my ſcience, Madam, or uncivilly pretend
An ignorance, you'l not believe me guilty of,
I muſt confeſs, 'tis eaſie ſcrutiny for me

To dive to th' bottom of your heart, and read
What's moſt abſtruſe.
Cel. D'ee ſee now? I knew he could tell. to *Luce* & *Fan.*
End. Yet 'twere in vain I ſhould Endeavour ought
For you, unleſs by a Declaration
Free and ſincere, you teſtify
Your full conſent to what I go about;
You would try my skill firſt; but take heed this
Diffidence you ſhrowd with modeſty,
Do not impede the compaſſing your wiſh;
A Frank confidence, a ſtrong credulity
Is required in thoſe apply themſelves
To ſuch as I am for relief; my art's
Beyond the Vulgar of Judiciary Aſtrologers:
Which clearly to evince, I will (if you
Deſire it) tell you what your thought is, now,
This very minute; what brought you hither,
Whether your heart be free, or if engag'd,
To whom, how long y'have liv'd ſo; or what elſe
You think or wiſh moſt ſecret: but this done,
No more; I can do nothing for you then.
Cel. How I ſhall bluſh at this recital, you
Condemn me to?
Fan. I'ld tell him nothing, and 'twere to me;
Are you ſure he'l keep your counſel?
Cel. What do I ſave by that, when he can know't however?
I love, *Endimion*; and he that captives me,
Having by Amorous duties won my heart,
Forſakes me then to travel into *France*,
So ſcornfully, he never takes his leave;
This Letter though I have juſt now receiv'd,
As kind as he was wont to be himſelf,
Which new aſſurance of his love, makes me
Paſſionately now wiſh his return;
I burn to ſee him, and though what I long for
Seem impoſſible, yet am I well aſſur'd
To you 'tis ſo facile, you may this night
Feaſt my ſad Eyes with that beloved ſight.

If

If ever Love then warm'd your youthful heart,
As your own flames may kindle mutual fire,
Deny not my requeſt.
End. Here's a requeſt with a vengeance,
Would gravel all the Conjurers of the Realm.
Sh. It had been as eaſie, I ſhould think now,
Taking her up at her firſt weapon,
End. Thou doſt run on ſtill with thy own conceit,
And never think'ſt of helping me out of the mire.
Sh. Shall I fetch *Charles his Wain* to draw you out?
Raw. And yoak *Phœbus's horſes* to't,
That the Teem may be ſtrong enough.
Sh. Call upon *Noſtradamus*, Sir, he was your Maſter, but [illegible]
(remov'd
He's bound to help you for his own credit.
End. The old Man with his hard words was not half ſo terrible.
Raw. Tell her, ſhe muſt make a pact with the Devil,
That will skare her.
End. I know not, Madam, who you take me for,
Nor what you may imagine of my Art,
For where is't like that I this night ſhould find
A Man, that you your ſelf tell me's in *France*?
Cel. That's a matter of nothing to you,
You do things more prodigious howerly,
I know that, to make one long ſince depriv'd
Of life, both ſpeak and move, is ſlight
And eaſie t'ee; I have it from good hands.
Raw. No doubt but you have; and I durſt have ſworn. *aſide.*
Y'had bin an eye-witneſs your ſelf too
Of ſome of theſe Miracles.
End. I had rather talk to her o'th influence
Of her Eyes now, then of that o'th Stars.
Sh. Oh, had you ſo?
But you are not to chuſe your own Text by
Your favour, Sir, ſhe has ſet you a Theam.
End. Th' impoſſibility of your requeſt pleads my excuſe,
There is no power in all my Art to ſerve you,
If you command the preſence of an abſent perſon.

Such things are not done by pure Astrologie,
Spectres and Phantasms move by Magick only,
Which black and dismal study, as it lies,
Within the compass of the Law, ne'r is th' application
Of a noble mind; besides a Ghost or Vision
Cloath'd in a fantastick body, is too melancholly
For your Sex and Age, such dire Apparitions,
As they are full of horror in themselves,
Strike pale with it, the stoutest looker on,
Your courage would fail you too at such a sight,
And you'ld repent the courtesie obtain'd.

Cel. Oh never, Sir, if the kind Specter have
My beloved's shape; be it but like him,
And the sweet vision will more please then fright,
But you mistrust me still, and think a Woman
Unfit for such a secret.

Raw. He has been very cautious hitherto *aside.*
Of trusting the Sex with any of that Nature,
And I think he has not many of 'em for you neither.

End. Nothing less, Madam, and since you urge me to't,
I have, perhaps, skill enough for what you desire.

Cel. Oh *Luce*, 'twill come at last.

Lu. Hang him, Wizzard, I'ld see him swim to th' Devil
With a Milstone about his neck, e're I would Court him thus,
Or be beholding to him indeed.

End. If I did at first plead an impossibility
To obey you, 'tis for a certain obstacle
I find in't, a main one too, your Lover, you tell me,
Is in *France*, and there's the mischief on't,
The Sea divides us, and I have no power
Beyond my own district, the wild Element
So uncontrouledly opposes all my charms
My hands are tyed; and that's the true
And only cause, I've dallied we'e thus long.

Cel. Nay, if that be all, th'impossibilitie's none,
That obstacle of the sea is easily remov'd,
So the fresh water hinder not, and if it do,
We'l cross the River, this Letter here

Is

Is dated from *Dover*, ſee.

End. Nay, I believe you, Madam. worſe and worſe.

Cel. From whence he writes, he'l not ſtir of ſome days,
He wav'd the Packet-boat, and waits a Man of War;
He has ſome buſineſs too in *Kent*, ſome friends to ſee.

End. I am gone; this bold Wench with her mettle
Has conjur'd that Devil out of me, others
Think I have at my fingers ends.

Raw. Does my Maſter think they take him for a Taylor?

Cel. I know he's not ſhip'd yet;

End. Would ſhe were ſunk ſome Fathoms with her fellow,
To cool her courage, 'tis ſuch a *Virago*.

Sh. Bellamy's ſuppos'd on's way for *France*,
What if 'twere he now ſhe long'd for a fight of?

End. That's not unlikely, this may be *Celia* too;
I'le ſift it out, e're I engage too far.
If he be yet on *Engliſh* ground, let me
But know his name, for in that Circumſtance
Your Confeſſion's yet defective, not that
I'm ignorant of't, for let me tell you,
Though his Birth be good, his Name as ancient,
The Familie's decay'd in Means, his perſonal
Gallantry making good the worth of Anceſtors
Whoſe Land he ne'r inherited.

Cel. That is his Character.

End. Nor do we differ much in age, though he
Perhaps, be ſomething of the fairer ſtature.

Cel. It is moſt true.

End. Nay, then I'm well enough. *to* Sh.
You'l think it ſtrange now, when I know the Man, *to* Cel.
I ſhould ask you his name, but I have reaſons for't;
Such, as unleſs I have it from your mouth,
I can't comply with your deſires; 'tis an Eſſential
Ceremony, a kind of deference our Art expects.

Cel. How pleaſing 'tis to me to ſpeak that name!
Bellamy, now you have it; what elſe
Muſt I do, or ſay to obtain my ſuit?

End. The ſea not awing then my charms,

There's no pretence left to deny you now;
And were the Task yet harder then it is,
Your Confidence would win me to't,
So daring a Spirit, that seeks what hardiest Men
Durst not attempt, would ever make me try
My utmost, look me full i' th' face.

Cel. Oh happy *Celia!*

End. Let me see your hand, what day were you born on?

Cel. The Tenth of *May.*

End. What day of the week?

Cel. On a *Saturday.*

Fan. She does not look, *Luce*, as she had bin made up
On a *Saturday* in the afternoon.

End. You must see your Sweet-heart then,

Cel. To night, if it be possible,
The very thoughts of it transport me so.——

End. You must make me a *Covenant* with his *Idea* now.

Fan. Oh Cosen! will you turn *Covenanter* now?

Lu. When they that set the Idol up
Have pull'd it down themselves.

Fan. Nay, 'Tis burnt, they say, 'tis burnt.
He'l make you a *Phanatick* i' th' end
And you hearken to him, with his idle *Idea's*.

Lu As I am here, this is one of the *Devils Trapanners*,
And has a standing Fee of so many fresh
Familiars *per annum* from the Prince of darkness.
To wheedle young ones in.

Cel. This malepert tongue will draw a vengeance on't,
If you beware not, Minion.

Fan. You must excuse her Sir, 'tis a mad Wench,
She will talk thus of her Mistress, or my
Mother, or any one sometimes.

Cel. Your tongue's but little better govern'd neither
For all your excuses.

End. Let 'em talk their fill here among friends,
But not a word of Conjuring abroad.
D'ee mark me, Gentlewoman, not a word,
Or by my *Jacob's-staff*——but go to.

The

The *Covenant* I desire is wholly harmless, to *Cel.*
An innocent Charm, and I must needs have
A ticket written with your own hand.
Cel. In blood, Sir? *End.* No, no.
Cel. Can I refuse any thing that may contribute
To what I so much long for?
End. My figure once made, and the Mystery finish'd,
I'le tear your note, indeed I will;
My Standish here, and some Paper. { *they set a table with Lights and Paper* — —
Fan. What think you now, *Luce?*
Lu. I think he's a Conjurer still, as I may tell you,
Amongst our selves, for I dare call him so
Aloud no more, he swears by such a strange thing,
The Prime Minister of State to the subterranean Monark.
Cel. But what sayst thou to my note?
Lu. This very night will he carry it to the
Meeting-house, and pin it to the goat's tayl.
Fan. You are sure i'th' next *Lampoons* to be coupled
With *Lucifer*, you shall be the sole couple in hell
For me, I'le nere write to him.
Lu. Flat and plain, Mistress, he should have
Nothing under my hand, I say.
Cel. Away, away, thou art too scrupulous.
End. Write, as I'le dictate t'ee. { *takes her aside toth' table where she sits to write*
Sh. Shall you & I chop a little Logick now,
My blowing bud of beauty.
Fan. E'en as little as you please, Sir.
Raw. My most undelicate Chambermaid.
Sh. On further acquaintance, you'l say, the more the better; for though I serve such a terrible Master, I can be as familiar, as impudently familiar as any little Rogue of 'em all.
Fan. Thou hast thy sinful extream too, I see.
Lu. Yet their Talent lies the more natural way,
I should like it the better of the two,
But thy Master is so dreadfully learn'd.
Raw. Beyond all thou seest yet;
Lu. One must carry their body swimming
With him that knows the heart By looking in the face.

Sh. If he hear but one's name, 'tis enough.

Lu. That's ſtranger yet.
Know people's thoughts, and hear but their names?

Raw. He never goes without a little devil in's pocket
For that purpoſe, which he calls his *Vade mecum*:

Fan. A devil always about him, and you ſerve this man?

Sh. Why not? the devil's no ill company ſometimes,
I mean a familiar one:

Raw. Alas, we have whole Covies of tame fiends;
Why there's the *devil* of *Maſcon*,
Would you wiſh a more ſociable Goblin?
You have heard of him, the ſtorie's in *Engliſh*.

Lu. I have not ſeen it.

Raw. Why, then I'le tell thee, 'tis a ſmug young fiend
Made love to a Parſon's daughter.

Sh. Or his Maid,

Raw. True, for in that particular Authors diſagree.

Sh. As they do about *Statira* the Wife of *Alexander*, whether ſhe were the *Daughter*, or *Widow* of King *Darius*.

Lu. Thou art read in Hiſtory too.

Sh. Not much.

Lu. But prythee how did the devil court his Miſtreſs,

Fan. Would he do her work for her, as the tales
Go of ſprights and fairies?

Raw. That I have forgot, but I'le give you the book to ſatiſfie your Curioſity: This I remember, he had a damnable mind to a certain red ribbon ſhe wore ſomewhere; but the niggardly old Parſon would not let her give it him, for which don devil moſt zealouſly reprov'd his want of Charity.

Fan. But what if thy Maſter's devil ſhould creep to my Couſin now?

Lu. How ſhould we be troubled with her at home?

Raw. That need's not,
A handſome Woman's devil enough of her ſelf,
Beſides by her ſharp look I gueſs her a ſhrew,
She needs no devil to teach her to ſcold.

Sh. She did ſo jet it too as ſhe came in,
So eye her ſelf, I ſee ſhe's proud;

There's

There's another o'th' devils good qualities,
She's not beholding to my Maſter for.

Lu. Why, thou ſtudieſt the black art too then?

Sh. Phyſiognomie a little, 'tis *Phyſiognomie* tells all this.

End. Your name is wanting ſtill, ſubſcribe it, and I've done.

Cel. And is this all?

End. All, *Madam.*

Cel. I leave it w'ee: think on me, *Endimion*;

End. I never yet broke promiſe to handſome Lady,
Nor will I now begin with you, fair one. *Ex. Celia.*

Fan. Pray, Sir, don't tell my Coſen, 'twas I had her Apricocks; and I'le ſteal you ſome to morrow, and ſing you a fine ſong too.

End. Nay, without a bribe I can keep counſel, pretty one. *Ex. Fannie.*

Lu. I'm undone, if he look me i'th' face now;
I have anger'd him, and theſe Witches are *holds her Apron before her face.*
So revengeful.

End. You hide your face from me now, and I ſee your heart.

Lu. Oh, Sir, I'le never call you Conjurer more,
Nor ſpeak true word of you again, but if
You know what I now think, as you are frail
Your ſelf, keep it from my Miſtreſs, ſhe'd turn
Away *Ralph* infallibly, and ſhe knew it. *Ex. Luce.*

Enter Lewis, Bernard.

End. How much ado have I had to ſhake her off?

Lew. You have been ſomething long about it indeed.

Bern. This bold cheat will fame you ſtraight
For eminently skill'd;
And your renown will every where increaſe.

End. I never ſuffer'd ſo hot a perſecution.

Lew. Nor I ſo tedious an Expectation.

End. I'm ſure I ſweat for't again.

Lew. I durſt not laugh neither.

Bern. How modeſtly he declin'd her commendations? and yet the very careleſneſs you received 'em with, perſwaded her, you thought you well deſerv'd 'em.

Lew. Why

Lew. Why harp'd you not on the Ceremonious string still?
End. I saw she came not for a Compliment.
Bern. Why struck you not in, in your advisor's way?
End. Less on that account too.
Bern. That was the Common road.
End. It was not hers, you see.
Lew. I never was so put to't to contein my self,
As when she prov'd her Lover was on English ground,
And whip'd off the salt water.
End. I confess, I was put to't my self then;
I was almost non-pluss't.
Bern. I hearkned still when she'd bespeak a bridge
Over to *Callice*; but what if we had
Not been in an Island now? what if there
Had been some way over Land into *France*.
End. If there had, 'tis odds she'd not find it out;
For 'twere I think another wonder, she
Should be more knowing in *Cosmographie*,
Then I am in *Astrologie*:
At worst I had found out some other Evasion,
Pleaded the difference of Religion ——— ——— ——— ———
Bern. Marry, and a good plea too.
End. Or I know not what my self now.
Lew. I think so; but the letter, what's that?
End. No secret; but prythee
Who should this Mother be the young one mention'd once,
Lew. Oh the Widow Aunt, I told you *Celia* liv'd with.

Reads Bellamy *I know where you are,*
Pretence of travels, vain and light.
And you are not yet got so farre,
But I may see you here this night.
Celia.

A most elaborate Epistle, full of rithme and reason:
And much you can do with it no doubt.
End. We must convey it into *Bellamy*'s hands,
Who suspecting by't he has been dogg'd, or
Is found out indeed, will hast to *Celia*

For

For his vindication, and so betray
Himself; I am reveng'd by this means of
Clarinda, whose night-works I destroy: and
If it happen that *Celia* full of spirits still
And apparitions, take him for one, and
Dare not give him hearing, no trick, no plot
We could contrive, will add more credit to
What's of my Astrologie already spread.
All the business is to deliver this note.

Raw. Leave that, Sir, to my care

Sh. Your care? is that a fit Province
For a *Raw-man?* I'le take charge on't my self.

End. Nay, no Vying; I must use you another way,
But it must be delivered to his own hands.

Sh. So I intend it shall. *End.* But how?

Sh. Without much cunning thus: *Clarinda* waits
Him in her garden to night, 'tis near the
Hour too, in's road I'le lye *perdu*, and if
I do not make him change his *Rendezvous*.

Lew. No better way could be imagin'd. {*gives him*

End. Dispatch then, and bring us tydings on't. {*the letter.*

Sh. That I shall speedily, and good one's too, nere fear it.

Exeunt severally.

SCENE II. *The Fields.*

Enter Bellamy, Rudeman.

Rud. GOod Sir, nay, but consider.

Bell. The more I do, the more I find you a troublesome fellow.

Rud. But I always was of your midnight Counsels,

Bell. And that blazes 'em abroad at noon-day.

Rud. Was I ever heard to say, my Master has left such a Ladie, such a one's his Mistris now; he treated this Madam at that place, and t'other Madam at t'other place? ——

Bell. If you had, sirrah, I had been seen to beat you.

Rud. Nay, nay, I don't talk o'that; there's no bodie queſtions your aptneſs that way.

Bell. Will you get you home?

Rud. After you is manners, Sir.

Bell. I ſhall beat you home.

Rud. What again beating? ſome other time, ſome other time may ſerve, you have buſineſs of more concern in hand now to my Knowledge.

Bell. Your Knowledge?

Rud. You ſleep not all day, to ramble all night for nothing.

Bell. Ramble, ſirrah?

Rud. Nay, I obſerve you, when I don't follow you? 'tis for no good you hide your ſelf from Madam *Celia* thus. She has deſerv'd Better of you; who did I bring you the Two hundred pounds from, when you were ſnapt at Mr *Grogram*'s ſuit of *Pater-Noſter-Row?* Or who fills your Pockets again when your Dice run the *children of lee*, or *Deuce ace is your Comfort?* Many a Ladie has more comfort of a cheaper Gallant.

Bell. Are you that Ladie's Dun, Sir?

Rud. Her kindneſs will ſoon ha' done, and 't be no better requited, then are we undone.

Bell. Excellent! quibbles too.

Rud. You may get preferment however i'th' next forlorn expedition: 'twill be ſad reducing your Coach, Horſes, and Lacqueys to a ſixty pound *per annum* Equipage.

Bell. Thou art my Pedagogue ſure, my Tutour.

Rud. I am your poor Valet *de Chambre*, Sir; one that would gladly have his Maſter wiſe enough to grow rich, that he may thrive under him: refuſe a handſome Ladie, and a good fortune, when they are offer'd, to ferret after *Je we ſcay quoy's?*

Bell. Thou haſt not thy name for nothing, I ſee; th'art e'en the Rude Serving-man, it ſpeaks thee.

Rud. I am honeſt, Sir, if I am bold, I do not flatter and cheat you.

Bell. One of 'em I'le ſwear thou do'ſt not; but for the other, *Rud.* I'le ſwear.

Bell. I

Bell. I ſhan't be rid of this fellow now, and my hour draws near. I know him cloſe and ſecret as the night, however I ſeem ſhie of him. Come, I will truſt thee for once; as we go, I'le tell thee whither; but follow me, d'ee hear, and direct me not. *aſide. Looks on's watch.*

Rud. Oh any thing, Sir, to make one.

Bell. This fellow's one of thoſe are ſcandaliz'd at all wickedneſs they have not a hand in, and cannot abide any Man ſhould Drink or Wench without 'em.

Rud. And ſome ſuch exploit, I ſuſpect you bound for now.

Bell. I ſhould gueſs you do by your earneſtneſs to make one. Nay, this way, this way. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The back-ſide of Sr Chriſtopher's *Garden.*

Enter Shift.

I Long to have done my arrant now, to ſee how heartily, how gameſter like, he'll fret to looſe the kiſſes he thinks himſelf ſo fair for to night? how many ten groats will he ſwear himſelf out of, if any of the godly be but within hearing? I muſt pack as ſoon as I have deliver'd the Letter, for coming in *Celia*'s name, the thanks he'd give, won't be worth ſtaying for. I cannot be far from the Garden now, here will I ſtand ſentinel: he knows me not, and ſo there is no danger of an after-beating.

To him Bellamy, Rudeman.

I hear ſome bodie, 'tis he certainly.

Rud. Nay, if *Clarinda* love you too, I'm ſatisfied, ſhe's rich enough to do our buſineſs, but here's a father's good will to get; the other's at her own diſpoſe.

Bell. Time may work him, who's there? *Sh.* A friend, Sir, that waited your coming: This note from *Celia* ſpeaks my buſineſs, *Runs againſt* Sh. *as going into the garden*

She earneſtly deſires your Company to night:
And I am your Worſhip's ſervant. *Ex.*

Rud. An unſerviceable one, he thinks, at this time.

Bell. What curſt Encounters this? honeſt fellow, Friend, prythee a word. *Rudeman,* ſtay the fellow.

Rud. He's gone, he's out of my reach; but that's no hard matter indeed, for I never had any great reach with me.

Bell. Venturing at wit, when I am thus perplext.

Rud. The night's ſo dark too, he's as ſoon out of ſight.

Bell. Again?

Rud. What devil has diſcover'd you were in town?

Bell. Or what faithleſs confident rather betrays
My ſecret? 'tis *Gratian,* it can be none
But he, I truſted none elſe, and he loves
Celia too,
In whoſe affection to ſupplant me now,
He has betray'd my privacie:
I have deſerv'd no leſs to truſt a Rival;
That title once ſucceeding diſſolves
All former tyes of friendſhip.

Rud. To be ſnap'd here too at the garden door
Brings *Clarinda* in queſtion.

Bell. That's meer accident; *Gratian,* though he knew
I conceal'd my ſelf, knew not wherefore,
And ſhe wonld nere betray me.
Some ſpeedy balſome though I muſt apply
Where he has us'd ſuch Corroſives: I will
To *Celia,* ſhe loves me, with eaſe I can
Pacifie her, and deſtroy thoſe raſh hopes
A falſe friend has conceiv'd. *having muz'd a little*

Rud. But what if this note were not from *Celia* now?

Bell. The Meſſenger I know not,
Nor had he any mind I ſhould. *ſtayes him as he was going off.*

Rud. So farre it ſmells knaviſhly.

Bell. Firſt let me ſee, if 't be her hand, and then
With all the kind words, Credulous Maids lend
Greedy ear unto, I will make my peace.
If light diſcover it a miſtake, or trick,

I'le

I'le forward to *Clarinda*, where
A thousand kisses shall make amends
For staying thus beyond my hour?

Rud. Marry, would I were to do the penance for you.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Celia's *Chamber.*

A Table and Lights set forth, a Chair by't.

Enter Celia, Fannie, Luce.

Lu. CAn you imagine this star-wright, with all his hard words, should bring *Bellamy* so far on such a sudden?

Cel. Silly wretch! thy shallow understanding
Cannot reach the bottom of his Capacity,
Which, (so the sea lye not in's way) will do
A thousand things harder and stranger, he'll
Come then, never doubt it, not he himself
'Tis true, but his similitude,
Something resembling him so perfectly,
Love it self could not make a distinction.

Lu. What good will that Copy of his Countenance do you?

Cel. Ask Love if thou be'st ignorant, for he is
The reason of all he forces us to,
Nor is the Curiosity so strange,
In me, nor so particular;
I've heard of many Women use the like. *sits down.*

Fan. 'Twere a strange thing indeed Women in this town would not venture upon. I have heard too of the Woman of *Billeter-Lane*, and of her of *Grub-street.*

Lu. And of Ladies that go into *Chancery-Lane* to know when their husbands will die, whether their next will be kinder.

Fan. And what day o'th' week is best to be married on: but bless me from such pranks, they are no handsome one's, I'm sure, though the handsome Ladies use 'em. *leans melancholy on the table.*

Lu. But, Madam, you are heavie, the very thought
Of this apparition, works upon you
Like th' expectation of an ague-fit.
Fan. Shall I ſing you a ſong, Coſen, to divert ſad thoughts?
Cel. I prythee, *Fannie*, 'twill chear thee,
However it work on me.

Fannie ſings

What ſtrange diſguiſes Lovers wear?
Miſhapen ſhapes they ſtill affect,
Thus the white bull that does Europa *bear*
Shrouding Jove's *perſon does his Love defect:*
Thus the ſame overruling power
Send him to Danae *in a ſhower.* *Bis.*

If 'mong the gods he bear this ſway,
What can he not o're Mortals doe?
He that with Deities thus dares to play,
Will govern ſure Mankind as ſtrangely too:
Nor is the fairer ſex more free
From Metamorphoſes *then we.* *Bis.*

For women once: —— ——————

Cel. I'le hear no more; there's none ſo ſtrange as mine, *riſing*
As that my *Bellamy*'s expected in,
Others had the ſubſtances they lov'd, though
Cloath'd with accidents they were not us'd to,
But I muſt be content with th' outward ſhape
Of what I love, ſhrouding I know not what
Subſtance or reality.
Lu. But if it be a Phantaſm, a bodie
Patch'd up of air or groſſer Vapours,
Will not you be afraid, think you?
Cel. Not in the leaſt. *ſits down again*
Fan. I'm ſure but I ſhall then.
Cel. Heark, ſome bodie knocks at door. *ſtarting off the table ſhe leand on.*
Lu. Some bodie, quoth you?
We neither look for bodies nor ſouls here.

What

What if 'twere the I know not what now?
The strange thing you'l call *Bellamy?*
You grow pale already, you sigh too.
Fan. Is this the Courage love puts into his?
I think he's a Coward himself for my part
And he back you with no better mettle now in time of need.
Lu. You think 'tis he now.
Cel. I am not certain, but see who ere it be.
I'm strangely chang'd o'th' sudden, I feel not
That firm resolution now, my soul is
Seiz'd with horrour, that strikes a shivering cold
All o're my body, something there is in
Nature still repugns against these Visions,
Maugre the love or humour sets one on.
But what need I fear?. *she rises.*

To them Bellamy.

Lu. Oh Madam, Madam, 'tis he, 'tis *Bellamy,* *drops the candle out of her hand and runs away.*
But that he's twice as tall as he was wont to be. *Ex.*

Cel. Fan. Ay me! Ay me!
Bell. What means this shreeking and this running about?
Cel. Now am I well paid for my Curiosity, I have my wish, and 't proves my own undoing, 'tis *Bellamy's* Voice, but I han't power to answer him. *at the far side of the stage.*
Fan. I'm nothing mistaken in my self, *from under the table, where she had hid her self,*
I knew I should be afraid, and my Cosen
For all her cracking proves as very a Coward.
Cel. When I besought th' Astrologer to send him to me,
I wisht to see him onely, not to speak with him.
Bell. Send for me, *Celia,* and use me thus. 'tis something strange?
Fan. If the thing should find me under the table now.
I'le pray hard. (*B. com. towards the table*
Bell. Could you find no body else to practise
These Exotick fits upon? must I be
Your ridiculous mirth, that bring my *Celia*
New assurances, 'tis she alone

Has

Has power in *Bellamy*'s heart?

Cel. I'le ha none of thee, nor thy heart,
I abhor the power, 'tis the true *Bellamy* I had a mind to see.

Bell. She suspects my inconstancy;
I am to *Celia* the same *Bellamy* still,
My thoughts of thee are nothing chang'd, I vow.

Cel. Fiend keep off, avant Phantasm; get thee to *France* again, or into *Lapland*, from whence thou cam'st, I think. *Exit.* *runs into her closet, and shuts her self in.*

Bell. Hear but my reasons. is't rallerie this?
Or some trick devis'd on purpose to make
Trial of me? *Fannie*, what doe'st thou there? *spies her under the table*

Fan. Help, help, I'm kill'd, I'm done to death with fear. *Ex.* *getting hastily from under it.*

Bell. Was ever Gallant thus gallantiz'd? *throws it down candle and all, runs away and leaves him i'th' dark.*
The devil o-love, and this be it, I say.
Fiend, and Phantasm, and *Lapland!* I am not
Mad sure, though they be; I'le try'em again;
Luce, *Celia*, why *Luce*, prythee prevail with *goes from Corner to Corner.*
Thy Mistress to hear me. *Celia*, *Fannie*,
Pretty, Sweet *Fannie*: 'tis labour lost;
I shan't be answer'd, unless there be an
Eccho within hearing, the dumb devil
Possesses 'em, and I am left i'th' dark
To grope out the meaning of this frolick.
Well, let her have her humour, I must to
Clarinda, and prevent what ill offices may be
There intended too, I am discovered
In town, and need not now keep out of sight,
Pray heaven the morn prove kinder then the night.

ACT

ACT IV.

The firſt SCENE, Sr Chriſtopher's *houſe.*

Enter Bellamy, Clarinda, Beatrix, Rudeman.

Bell. SO deep a melancholy does both ſurprize,
And grieve me, Sweet; what makes theſe ſighs ſo frequent?
Can you doubt my fidelity?

Clar. I'm full of fears, I muſt confeſs it, *Bellamy*;
Nor can I, when I think what enemies we have,
Though you are preſent, force a chearfulneſs.
What will not *Endimion*, knowing all
We thought moſt ſecret, attempt to ruine us?

Bell. He can do nothing, if you love me ſtill.

Clar. Would I could ſay ſo of *Celia* too!

Bell. Oh Madam! you are too injurious ——

Clar. Our firſt affections here looſe all their power;
Call your kindneſs for her a civil devoir,
A gratitude if you will; ſhe is lovely ſtill,
And Civility forces you to ſee her:
Then ſmother'd flames too-eaſily break out.

Bell. Wrong not your own charms, and my affection
With ſo unjuſt a Jealouſie:
If you can ſo much ſlight *Clarinda*'s power
To fear *Celia*; I'le not ſee her at all.
But I am not without my fears neither,
For who loves tenderly, and thinks himſelf ſecure?
What will your father ſay, when once he knows
You ſuffer *Bellamy*'s love, or what will
He not do to ruine a happineſs
He thinks me not rich enough to deſerve?
He'll chide, he'll ſchool *Clarinda*, he'll threaten her,
If ſhe neglect his leſſons, will ſhe not
Fear his anger? and in that fear, in that

Fear perhaps ſhe will forſake me,
And wrought of his own mind, hold it
A madneſs where an Eſtate is wanting,
To value Birth, deſcent, or Breeding ——————
Clar. Think better of me, then ſo. Know that the
Vertue of the belov'd object alone
Is enough to make me conſtant, that worth
Which firſt made me love, makes me perſever.
Nor is my heart ſo much a ſlave to fear,
That Menaces can blot out an Image,
A noble affection had drawn in't.
No *Bellamy*, I ſhall wear yours here ſtill.
Bell. I am too happy then.
Clar. Accept this pledge of my fidelity, (*gives him a ring.*
And be aſſur'd I'm yours;
Let friends, let fortune ſmile or frown,
Never ſhall *Celia*'s conſtancy equal mine.
Bell. My Joy is now ſo great, I am loſt in't.
Unable to ſpeak, unable to keep ſilence ——— ——— ———

To them Sr Chriſtopher.

Clar. You muſt keep it a while; here's my father ———
Sr *Chr.* Is not that *Bellamy?* what return'd alreadie?
Bell. An unexpected Law-ſuit forces me back,
I am *ſub-pena'd* up again, and muſt
Till after term at leaſt lay by all thoughts
Of ſeeing *France*; I was at *Canterbury*.
Sr *Chr.* And how does my Nephew *Manly?*
Beat. He may as well ask me. *aſide.*
Bell. He entertain'd me nobly at his houſe.
Sr *Chr.* Has not the young-ſquire written to me? ha?
Bell. He had, and gave me his letter, but a
French Lacquey I took here for the Journey,
When he ſaw me turn back, run away with
My Vallize, and your letter was in it.
Beat. That Lacquey ſaves thy credit now,
It muſt have been laid to thee elſe.

Sr *Chr.* You

Sr *Chr.* You have made but an ill journey on't then.
Bell. Thus are my stars still inauspicious to me.
Beat. Endimion Madam at your request would
Tell him to his Vallize again.
Clar. Away thou cruel Wench, thou seest the pangs
This discourse gives me, and canst raise mirth out of it?
Bell. My own loss I should not value,
Rud. 'Twas not so great indeed. *aside.*
Bell. But the Letter was meerly writ on my behalf,
And did implore your aid in my affairs.
Sr *Chr.* You may command me, and my interest.
Clar. If you Espouse his Cause, he need not fear being cast.
Beat. If the old Man Espouse his Cause,
The young one will Espouse you.
Rud. And that's it she would be at.
Beat. Would 'twere come to't once for me,
That I might have some quiet among 'em.
Bell. On your favour then I build my hopes, but this
Law-business draws me uncivilly away,
Pleaders are not Masters of their own time.
Your pardon, Sir.
Sr *Chr.* Business must be waited on;
Bell. May I presume you'l mind your father
Of my suit, Madam, and contribute
To the continuance of his favours?
Clar. I'le do my best, Sir, to possess him with
The justice of your cause; his Example
Authorizes me to own your interest too. *Ex.* Bell. Rud.
Sr *Chr.* But wilt thou be thus melancholy still?
What is the cause? tell me, good *Clarinda.*
Clar. I know no reason for't.
Beat. She dreamt of a younger brother, Sir, to night,
Which, reflecting on *Endimions* prediction,
Seems ominous.
Sr *Chr.* Your bolt is soon shoot still.
Art indispos'd in health?
Clar. I feel no alteration;
And yet it may be some natural overflow

Of a dull humour in the bodie cauſes this heavineſs.

Sr *Chr.* Ah *Clarinda!* my tenderneſs of thee (*weeps.*
Is ill requited with this ſullen reſerve
Of thy ſick thoughts..

Clar. To ſpeak truth, I have loſt ſome toyes, and that's
The onely reaſon I can give for this damp
My mirth is ſtruck withall.

Sr *Chr.* Why, what haſt loſt?

Clar. That which does vex me much.

Sr *Chr.* But what?

Clar. The Roſe-diamond you gave me.

Sr *Chr.* Let not that trouble thee, it may be found again.

Clar. I have ſmall hopes on't, I have ſought every where.

Sr *Chr.* 'Twas careleſly laid by perhaps,
And opportunity makes a true man a thief:
But the loſs is eaſily repair'd, there are fairer rings in town, I'le go buy thee one preſently.

Clar. That were a ſlight reparation of my loſs;
I fancied this.

Sr *Chr.* What a fondneſs is here? though I give her
A better ring, ſhe'l looſe by the bargain:
Well, ſet thy heart at reſt,
Thou ſhalt have thy own again, for I will
Juſt now to *Endimion* about it.

Beat. Now you are in a fine Pickle!
To excuſe theſe dumps y'are faln into,
Y'have gone and ſpoilt all.

Clar. So I have indeed.

Beat. Peace, peace; he's coming back.

Sr *Chr.* Tell me, when was this ring loſt?

Clar. I miſt it but to day.

Sr *Chr.* So, ſo, 'tis not gone farre, I warrant you.

Clar. Further I hope, then your diſcoverie will reach.

Beat. The old man's here again.

Sr *Chr.* But about what a clock was it loſt? for I ſhall be askt all theſe queſtions, that I ſhall; therefore I muſt be prepar'd.

Clar. Between eight and nine.

Sr *Chr.* Oh 'tis well, 'tis well, eight and nine, eight and nine;

Let

Let me not forget eight and nine. *Exit.*

Beat. How he maunders it, eight and nine, eight and nine; he'l Con his leſſon nine times over, but he'l have it perfect.

Clar. What ſhall I do, *Beatrix?* adviſe me, good *Beatrix.*

Beat. 'Twere well and you would be adviz'd, before
You do it, then *Beatrix* could ſay ſomething,
But to be put ſtill to an after-game,
You are ſo wilfully fore-handed:
This ſcurvy Aſtrologer now will tell him all.

Clar. *Endimion* is the Man indeed undoes me.
But let him do his worſt, my love ſtands not
In awe now of a father's check, 'tis of
So fair a growth his frowns cannot nip it,
My heart is *Bellamy*'s, nothing can force it from him,
Endimion and his Stars are all too weak? *Exit.*

Beat. The devil is not ſo head-ſtrong as theſe young Wenches, when they have got a bit of a Man; but 'tis I muſt lay the ſtorm for all her vapouring; I muſt let *Shift* know how things go, leaſt his Maſter be put to't beyond his skill, and ſhaking hands with Aſtrologie, be forced to tell our old man the plot.

Exit.

SCENE II. Endimion's *Lodgings.*

Enter Endimion, Bernard, Lewis, Rawman.

End. WHat a perpleity am I reduc'd to?
Lew. Why, 'twas with your conſent,
Bern. Nay, by your own order we rais'd the report.
End. Yes of *Aſtrologie*, but of nothing elſe,
And yet they think abroad, I have all hell
At command: They point at me i'th ſtreets,
So noted a perſon I am,
There goes the learned Man, ſaies one; oh the
Aſtrologer, ſaies another, that comes
And peeps me in my face to know me again,

In some places they stare at me,
Raw. As they would have done at the hairy woman,
Had she not cas'd her beard up as she went about.
Bern. Right ——— or as they did at the Hermophrodite
T'other day at the play.
End. The Prophet, saies a precise one, and lifts
His hands and eyes to Heaven in admiration,
That one so young should be so knowing.
Raw. Children run away, and cry the Witch, the Witch, the
Witch, because at home their Mothers fright them with him.
Lew. Thou boy, *Rawman!*
End. Some understanding ones there are, (and those
I forgive, because they are i'th' right)
Believe me guilty of no Magick, but
A meer Impostor, for such contemn me,
Laugh at me, and those that think me other.
Thus am I entertain'd i'th' streets;
Or thus at least I interpret their looks
And actions that I meet i'th' streets.
Lew. Some skill you have in *Physiognomy*,
It seems, (if you have none in *Astrologie*)
That can read all this in Men's faces.
But fame, you know, loves to augment every thing,
Bern. Nothing toth' People is a little rare,
They will hyperbolize, and skrue all novelties
To the highest Key: a lye with them
Snow-ball-like rowles about, and gets in every place,
Each teller of't adds something of his own,
To shape it to his fancie.
Lew. If you are thus plagu'd abroad, you must keep
Home a while; the Wonder will be over.
Raw. We cannot do that neither in quiet,
So many have found his Lodging out;
And now *Moll Cut-purse* that Oracle of felonie
Is dead, there's not a pocket pickt,
But hee's acquainted with it.
Lew. That's much indeed.
Raw. Nor a silver hilt pincht away, but they come

To

To the figure-flinger for it.
He hears of every Wedding, Chriſtning, City-feaſt, by th' Butlers recourſe to him for Plate and Linnen they loſt at 'em.

Bern. That's more yet.

End. Alas, I am a kind of grandiſſime Jurie, and have all thefts brought before me, before they go to *Hicks-hall*, or the *Old Baily*; marry, could I help the Man to his Mare again, they would never go thither, and I might take much of the matter out of the Lawyers hands: but all Trades muſt live, I'le not ſpoil theirs. I ſhall have the Country-fellows too with the ſavoury queſtions that poz'd old *Noll*'s ſtar-peeper, then am I in a ſweet condition.

Bern. The World is ſatisfied with your skill, 'tis grown a full and general perſuaſion.

Lew. I ſee nothing but mirth the ſtratagem has yet produc'd.

End. What? to have Sir, and Madam; Cut and Long-tail put me a hundred ſeveral queſtions, as if I were *Jupiter hammon*, or *Diana's ſpokes-man at Epheſus?* you reckon this nothing? I never had too much of nothing till now.

Lew. Your Miſtreſs by this fiction's aw'd,
Your Rival fears you too,
Their pleaſures are diſturb'd,
And all ſucceeds as you could wiſh it ſhould.

End. Believe it *Lewis*, 'tis without regret
That I give *Bellamy* place, the diſturbance
I bring his pleaſures, yeilds me no content;
My own flames extinct, it concerns not me
Whether *Clarinda* meet his love, or no.

Lew. Here's an indifferencie I look'd not for.

End. In affairs of love I meaſure ever the Eſteem I make of Women, by that they make of me; where they incline to kindneſs, I can love too: if they withdraw once, or refuſe their favours, my flexible and obedient heart, *Lewis*, can ſoon imitate: nor ever need I fower and twenty howers to cure my ſelf of that diſeaſe.

Lew. I did miſtake your temper; but ſince 'tis ſo convenient, why own'd you not the truth of all at firſt, without taking the *Aſtrologer* upon you?

End. You'l

End. You'l wonder at my ſtupiditie;
Nor can I now my ſelf conceive, why I
Run my neck into this nooze, when all the danger
That threatned, was but the turning away
Of a Chamber-maid.

Bern. Nere let it trouble you now, we bear our
Share of all, and owe a helping hand to
Bring you out, We help'd to plunge you in, and
Half the ſhame will fall on the divulgers.

To them Celia, Fannie, Luce.

Cel. I have a quarrel to you, *Endimion.*

End. Here's my *Virago* again, 'tis th' importuneſt *aſide.*
Wench this, ſhe'l never be anſwered. How can *to Cel.*
I ſince laſt night have deſerved your anger?

Cel. If *Bellamy* has not been abſent, why
Would you, whoſe rare knowledge extends it ſelf
To ſecrets more remote, make me one of
His being in town?
Why dealing with that candor you ſeem'd to
Promiſe, did you not tell me where he was?

End. What reaſon ſhall I give her? oh! I knew (*aſide muzing*
It not my ſelf till I made my figure; *to Cel.*
Yet what if I had known it ſooner? I
Promis'd but a ſight of *Bellamy*, and
Did you not ſee him? conſider but with
Equal Eyes the whole adventure,
No part of it bnt to my credit turns;
For if in lieu of an illuſion, *Madam,*
A ſhade, a *Phantaſm* you expected,
Spight of the care he took to hide himſelf,
I forc'd him though in perſon to appear,
Does it not prove the certain influence
Of an art.
You cannot now with want of power tax?

Cel. It does, I muſt confeſs, it does; this reaſon
Deſtroyes all Jealouſies I had of it.

Bern. You

Bern. You may be ſure 'tis the beſt *aſide.*
He could find out for you oth' ſudden.
Cel. But give my paſſion yet ſome further eaſe;
This *Bellamy*, this fair friend playes me fowl,
Thoſe Vows forgot, I too much credited,
Pays a new *Miſtreſs* what is due to me.
I have the ſtorie of their cloſe Amours,
And know the ſtars alone, which you command,
Witneſs their meetings and their kindneſſes: { *Lewis* and
Break me this league then *learned Endimion*, { *Bern. ſmile*
You that nere meet with obſtacle to your will
But what your art orecomes;
Cancel the bonds ſhe has my faithleſs in,
I'th' midſt of her Careſſes force him from
Her eyes; reſtore him to his true Miſtreſs.
End. No evaſion does the Learning ſhe ſo much admires
Inſpire me now, but to perſwade her ſhe's miſtaken.
Lew. Something from the *learned Endimion* will (*ſmiling.*
Be expected, but that I think may ſerve
End. Take better thoughts of your Lover, Madam:
Though in his carriage he may be too blame,
Yet are you miſinform'd of what keeps him
In town, you are the cauſe of it your ſelf,
To cure his Jealouſie he thus plays leaſt in ſight,
And to obſerve you does pretend this Journey;
But ſince you are thus conſtant to him ſtill,
Fear not his leaving you:
And ſhould you of his Love want other proofs,
Let this ſuffice, that he is Jealous grown,
With a ſeeming coldneſs,
Or neglect perhaps he may diſſemble
A while, but let it not diſquiet you,
For 'tis you he loves, I ſay again,
And paſſionately.
Cel. Pleaſing hopes! comfortable aſſurance!
Pardon dear *Bellamy* if without Cauſe
I queſtion'd thus thy faith; if Jealouſie
Muſt prove thy Love, let my fears aſſure thee of mine,

I fear'd to loose but what I love to keep.
The heavens, kind *Endimion*, powre as many
Blessings on you, as y'have assur'd me of.

Ex. Celia, Fannie, Luce.

Lew. She payes you in your own coin; as you have
Pleas'd her with an assurance of nothing,
She requites you with a wish of as much.

Raw. 'Tis as believing a good Soul
As you'ld wish to preach to.

Bern. And as well satisfied y'have sent her away,
Her heart I dare swear's as light as her head.

End. Her request did not much fright me this bout,
I knew that for a few fair words I should
Be rid of her credulous Ladieship.

Lew. But how intend you to make good your word
To *Gratian?* it seems alreadie broke by
The hopes y'have given *Celia.*

End. Why perceive you not those hopes are airie
Nothings with which I flatter her forwardness
To be fool'd? I know *Clarinda*
Has *Bellamy* too fast, to think
He ever will be *Celia*'s, and this knowledge
Made me speak my own belief to *Gratian.*

Lew. Nay, he believes you too, and looks on me
His Introducer t'ee, as bound in honour for your performance,
Yet how you will, or can, I'm still to seek.

End. In Love you are indeed.
Would you not judge else; that *Celia*
Needs must see at last how *Bellamy* fools her,
That she'l grow wearie of being thus abus'd?
If your friend then prove constant and persever;
Will not his services reach her heart i'th end?
Now if he give my art th' honour of an
Event, is due to his own industry
And the common Course of things,
The stars be prais'd for it,
But now we are free from these fortune seekers,
Let's breath a while, and talk of something else.

To them Sr Chriſtopher.

Lew. Not ſo free as you think neither; here's one —— ——
End. Is worſe then twenty *Celia*'s.
Sr *Chr.* Maſter *Endimion.*
End. Oh Sir! what wind blows you hither?
Sr *Chr.* An ill wind ſure.
End. I thought ſo.
Sr *Chr.* But you will make it tack about, and blow
Every one their own again, I muſt entreat
One Curteſie of you, kind Gentleman.
End. What is it?
Sr *Chr.* Excuſe my boldneſs if I deal thus freely with you, and come to the point without any further compliment or preamble, I uſe no Ceremonie amongſt friends?
End. I commend you for it, a civil freedom is much better.
Sr *Chr.* The loſs of a certain Diamond has cauſed great diſorder at home, my ſervants are ſuſpected, and the whole family being in diſturbance about it, my humble requeſt is, you'l help me to ſet the ſaddle on the right horſe, that is you'l caſt a figure for't, and tell who has it.
Bern. The old Man comes in very good time to break the truce you would have made with Aſtrologie. (*to End.*
End. I muſt break all commerce with it,
The cheat's too groſs to laſt above a day;
I ever told you ſo.
Sr *Chr.* He's muſing on my requeſt now. (*to Lew.*
Lew. The trade he drives requires great recollection, 'tis a ſpeculative trade, and I have often ſeen him on ſuch occaſions in ſo deep a ſtudy, you'ld think the ſoul did quite forſake the body, 'tis left ſo void of action.
Sr *Chr.* He had more need to ſet all wheels awork, he muſt climb up to th'heavens for my ring, he'l nere find it here below elſe.
End. I am not quit now for gulling an Amorous Maid, (*to Lew.* or a more ignorant Lover, I muſt fool a man, who in that very toy I fool him with pretends to be as skill'd, as I am unac-

quainted, and will discover my ignorance as soon as I pretend to knowledg. No, no, 'tis my own undoing to play upon him any longer. I must deal freely, 'tis the onely way to get out of this plunge. *aside Lew and B. slighting him.*

Sr *Chr.* See but what pains he takes. *(to Lew.*

Lew. He's about your business all this while.

Sr *Chr.* He begins to look something seriously upon the matter. *(to Lew.*

End. Having no Interest to delude you, Sir;
I must confess there is much more believ'd,
Or said of me, then I deserve: 'tis true,
I have read something of Astrologie,
And view'd the grounds your Artists work upon,
Which makes some talking friends boast they have seen
Experiments beyond the common, though indeed
I ne're gave the least sign of a skill, they
Needs will force upon me, unless in words
Sometimes, yet sparingly, when their Example
Forc'd a compliance: but with you
I protest again, the reputation
This fiction gets me, nor all the merry
Consequences of it, can ne're force me
To such forgery; as for your Diamond then,
In vain expect you tydings of 't from me,
'Tis out of my reach believe it, Sir.

Lew. He will fall to his natural Level
Of ignorance, I see, do what we can.

Bern. And yet he cannot resolve to confess himself
An Impostor neither; he minces it a little.

Sr *Chr.* Did I not know by the report of others, you are this day the *Phœnix* of Astrologers; this very humility with which you depress you abilities, would raise you in my Esteem above the common rank of Scholars.

End. Leave an opinion, I'm not so happy
To deserve, I know nothing in the stars.

Raw. Who could forbear laughing at this old fellow, that makes him take more pains to perswade his ignorance, then others do to get knowledge. *(aside.*

Sr *Chr.* This

Sr *Chr.* This very earneſtneſs with which you decline
The title of a knowing Man, tells me
Tis your due, and confirms me more and more
In the belief of your capacity.
Thus modeſt, thus diſcreet are they always
Who know much, nor will they, by aſſuming
Worth unto themſelves, derogate from what
They do deſerve, or by ſuch groſs Vanity
Eclypſe the Luſtre of their rare Endowments.

Lew. Our Aſtrologer has a fine time on't.

Bern. You wiſh your ſelf in his place, I warrant.

Lew. No, no, I have my ſhare of the paſs-time,
Where I am.

End. Were I indeed the Man you take me for,
Though I had reaſon to conceal my ſelf from others,
Here I would yield my intereſt up to yours,
And with candour lay open all my skill,
But I have none, none at all to merit
The honour you doe me.

Sr *Chr.* I tell you again, that this humility alone is more commendable in you, then all your learning; he that knows moſt knows himſelf too well to be proud of what he knows, he ſees too much daily to learn, to think that much he has alreadie learnt: and thus what art ſoever one pretend to, he that dares boaſt himſelf a Maſter of it, knows nothing in't at all.

End. Lyars, they ſay, looſe credit even for the few truths they utter; but mine is a ſtranger puniſhment, when I lyed I was credited; and now I ſpeak truth, I cannot win belief. *aſide.*

Sr *Chr.* But to come to my ring again, I muſt tell you (if that be a neceſſary Circumſtance, 'twas a gift of my poor Wife's, for whoſe ſake I long kept it, till at laſt *Clarinda* got it of me, and ſhe has loſt it this morning, as ſhe thinks, 'twixt eight and nine.

To them Shift.

Sh. You ſhall have the other too at night, Sir. (*gives him a Paper*
Heark hither, this is but a pretext. (*they whiſper*

Sr *Chr.* Why makes he ſo fine of it?

Lew. Hee's affraid perhaps of being ſuſpected of Witchcraft; 'tis a detracting age, and he had need be cautious.

Sr *Chr.* He's over-nice with me, I can keep Counſel, and would conceal what were not fit for every Ear.

Sh. This did *Beatrix* tell me juſt now. *to End.*

End. Th'intelligence comes luckily, I was caught elſe.
Pardon the freedom, Sir, I take, to leave you *to* Sir *Chr.*
For an account of buſineſs I had ſent
My man about, I ſhould not treſpaſs thus,
But that it did require ſome haſt.

Sr *Chr.* Would you had treſpaſs'd, that you might expiate it
With the Curteſy I requeſt.

End. I am provided for him now, *aſide.*
And ſince he has a mind to 't, have at him;
Had I but skill enough. *to* Sir *Chr.*

Sr *Chr.* Skill enough for a ring? away, away;
There's nothing eaſier, then to help one again to ſuch a toy as that, I could have don't my ſelf at your years:

End. I muſt yield by degrees, he'l ſuſpect me, *aſide.*
If I paſs ſuddenly from one extream
To another. Sir, I proteſt again
Without diſſimulation ——— ——— ———

Sr *Chr.* Without diſſimulation, or procraſtination,
Good Sir, tell me to my ring again;
For I know you can, if you liſt now?

End. I did but ſpare you ſome trouble, declining
Thus to tell you what I find;
But ſince you needs will have it,

Sr *Chr.* Tell me, tell me, 'tſhall ne're trouble me, I warrant you.

End. He that this morning ſaluted you in
A riding garb, is the Man; he has it.

Sr *Chr.* Who would have ſuſpected him of all the world? that a Man of his birth and breeding ſhould play ſuch pranks, Neceſſity perhaps drives him to't;
And that We know having no Law it ſelf, makes thoſe that feel it, Lawleſs too. You ſee *Endimion*, how much in vain you go about to hide that, which in your very looks I read; when once

once, I say, *That Man's a Wit, a Scholar,* he's one indeed. But fare you well Sir, I'le go after my ring. *Exit.*

Lew. You stuck scurvily, till *Shift* helpt you out.

End. Never more, I swear; I knew not what shift to make.

Sh. 'Twas well for you there was one made to your hand.

Bern. Marry, was it.

End. But what if he fall out with *Bellamy* now,
As having stoln his ring?

Bern. Nay, what if he charge him with felonie?

Lew. And the *Constable* with him?

End. That were a jest indeed.

Sh. What matter whether he take him for a son-in-law, or a thief, 'tis much at one; both lye at the catch for the old Man's Money, both (if 'tis not otherways to be had) watch his death for it.

End. Though hitherto the sport does mainly thrive;
Checkt by no obstacle but such, as the
Removal of, turns to increase of mirth,
I'm wearie of a trade I nere was 'prentice to;
To leave it then with credit as I drive
It on, since the persuasion of my
Knowledge makes this old Man believe
What e're I say, I'le work on his facility
To a noble end, and farre from Jealous
Of a Rivall's fortune, will crown his Love
With the good Knight's allowance of *Clarinda's.*

Sh. Hey day! all this busle for a Willow Garland?

End. If I must wear one, I will have added to't, both Groom and Bride's free and grateful acknowledgment, 'tis I unite them, and that to my pretended skill i'th' stars they owe their happiness. *Enter La-gripe.*
But who have we here? a new Consulter?

Bern An old one, I think.

Sh. Nay! We have more Chamber-practice then half the Lawyers in town; yet the devil a fee or feeling I get amongst all our Clients:

Raw. This 'tis to serve a Generous Gentleman.

Sh. That does all for God-a-mercy, and the credit of doing it,

and

and cries a good deed carries its own reward along with it.

End. Peace Preacher.

Bern. Prythee what old *Don* is it?

End. 'Tis a *Monsieur*, Man, has serv'd Sr *Christopher Credulous* ever since his travels, he brought him a young fellow out of *France* with him, *Monsieur La-gripe.*

Bern. A griping Sir, I warrant him,

La-gr. Ah *Monsieur de Astrologue.*

Sh. and *Raw.* *Monsieur La-gripe.*

La-g. For *Clarinda* sake, *Clarinda* our common Mistress ——— dat is te Mistres of us bote, serve for Love, serve for Money, for de Vages, Vat you call? it is all one, it ise serve still. { *they smile.*

End. Has he not made it good?

Lew. Nor good English, Sir.

Raw. Good Pedlar's French, Sir, and that's better for Variety.

Bern. Hear out his storie.

La-g. H I didde dare praye you of one faueur.

End. What is it?

La-g. Very small petite chose, de no tingue.

End. But what? I'le do any thing for thee, honest *Monsieur.*

La-g. Doe that den, I pray youe.

End. That? what? I will and I can.

La-g. Oh if you can; Vraiment it is no if's nor Ans.

End. Can I unless you tell me what you would have done?

La-g. No laugh at me, one poor old French man, pourquoy demande Var, Ven you can as Vell tell, Var I say have done, as you can doe.

Lew. May be so too.

La-g. Vat you tinke me no knoe Vat you can doe? as if me no hear my old Master, my fellow *Beatrice*, and all te town besides talk of you.

End. But doe you hear I can know another's Thought without his intimation?

La-g. I hear no intimation; Vat I hear, I know; I no know dat.

End. Can a man deuine your meaning?

La-g. Devine my mean? you look in my Visage, you knoe all

all, and yet I tell you notingue; you be no man to tell long ſtorie to; derefore no aske me Vat I uould, but doe vat I uoude.

End. I ſhall be hard enough for thee yet, old fox. (*aſide*

'Tis not with thee *Monſieur* I would diſſemble (*having thought.*
My knowledge or my power; ſuch palliations
Of an unkind repulſe derogate ——————

La-g. Ah *Monſieur!* no hard vords, I pray you, Pallaſhons! *de gros cat!* Vat te divell is dat to me? Plain Engliſh is hard enough for me, I promiſe you. How you think I entend doſe ſayings? I have no devell but thirty years in dis Contry.

End. Why, plainly thus then; I know what brought thee hither, and what thou wilt requeſt of me.

La-g. Oh, oh! look you dere den! me know very vell vat I ſay, I varrant's you; me no drunk.

End. But ſoft: though I doe, I muſt not tell, nor uſe that knowledge for ought thou ſeekſt of me, the reaſon's this; I can do but one thing for thee at a time: if then to read or tell thy thought be it, never expect me ſerviceable to the procurement of that wiſh, that is a ſecond act, my hands are tied from at this time.

La-g. Nay den, me tell you.

Sh. Diſcover his wiſh to day, and help him to't to morrow. Where were you now Sir, if my *Monſieur* ſhould come upon you thus?

End. A French man, and ſtay till to morrow? That's a thing was never heard of; delayes are not for them, they nere got by 'em.

La-g. I be quite tired out uitte ſervice here in *England*, tired as one Jade, uerefore me have a great mind, to return to me own poor Contry agen, to lay it my bones at home, and te money me ſcrape up in dis; but begare it be one uery Long Journie, and uery dangerous too, danger upon te Sea, danger upon te Earſe; I be rob here or dere, no like dat uery uell, be kill'd, aſſaſſined, or drown in te ſea, begare like that uery uorſe: an dat is te reaſon I come pray you, to ſecure my perſonne, and my purſe, by ſome Enſhantement, I no know how, to tranſporte me at my home in one minute.

Lew. Oh Excellent *Monſieur!*

End. You ſee by this what they think of me abroad. Pray heaven I don't take my ſelf at laſt for that I'm given out for, theſe are ſtrong temptations. } *Sh.* and *Raw.* *whiſper.*

Bern. And ſo become a wiſe man by fancying your ſelf one; } *Sh. whiſpers with End.*

Lew. As, they ſay, they do Witches, by ſtrongly conceiting themſelves Witches,

Sh. I ha' skill enough for this feat without my Maſter's meddling in't, I'le convey thee into *France.*

End. Prepare your ſelf againſt night, *Monſieur* for the Journey; *Shift* ſhall be readie too with what on our part is neceſſarie.

La-g. I no dare truſte him, littell Coquin delny,
Play me ſome tricque or toder.

End. No, no; his fellow *Rawman* there ſhall go
Along too, and ſee fair play. Let's leave 'em
To their work, and laugh at him a little.

Exeunt End. Lew. and *Bern.*

La-g. Miſter ſirrah, doe for me vat muſt be done
Fair and honeſt, your Maſter command;
You meddell in dis buſineſs de juggle too den.

Raw. I'm half a Conjurer, ſince I ſerve him,
And yet I came to him but a Rawman t'other day.

La-g. An he parboil your Coxecombe?

Sh. Pickle him a little in the black art, or ſo.

La-g. Indeed? but is he ſo knoing, tey ſay?

Sh. Hear him talk of a Man
You'ld think he had bin in his belley,
He's ſo acquainted with every cranie of his heart.

La-g. I no pleaſe me ſerve ſouche Maſter, a
Valet no paſs vell his time vit him.

Sh. Why? I have a good place on't.

La-g. Place Vat you Vill, I no be bound ſerve one,
I no dare tell lye to ſometime.

Raw. 'Tis ſomewhat a hard caſe, but it muſt be ſo here.

La-g. If he ſend you of arrant, you ſtay a great vile, you no dare make excuſe; entend what I mean by excuſe? *Sh.* Ouy, ouy.

La-g. I meet a friend by de Vay, I ſtay trink vit him a littell, one, two, three, fower howers (dat I learn in *England* tough)

one

one no dare tell ſouche Man, *Monſieur, make me ſtay for one anſwer, yet Company come, no can write*; or I *cherche him in ſeverall places, 'fore I find: call at te tailleur's, ſee your ſute be make.* An oder Man ſatisfie vit one of teſe, he know te contrary, he no ſatisfie vit 'tis nor notingue elſe, Vich de fear of put away, or receive diſtribution —— you underſtand.

Raw. Ouy, ouy. *La-g.* on te head and ſhoulders put in one Mouſe; you no dare go to de Cabaret, Ven he at the Comedie, nor make good ſhear vit the Maids at home; no, nor goe to one bordell, Vile he at an oder.

Sh. Unleſs I knew he had ſuch great buſineſs in hand, as left him no leaſure to think of me.

La-g. And ſo I ſay agen, me rader beg, ſteal, doe any hardeſhip, ten ſerve one Maſter, I no dare tell lye to.

Sh. This neceſſity of ſpeaking truth was ſomething hard to me too at firſt, but I was forc'd to betake my ſelf to't, and uſe, thou know'ſt, brings perfectneſs.

La-g. Dou dare not, (tough among diſcreet bodies, dat vill keep Counſell) tell tales of him, or recount his ſecrets.

Sh. No marry, dare I not; ſecrecy is that he chiefly requires of a ſervant.

La-g. And vat is vorſe, if looſing his money, or ſome todre ill humeur, make him Colerick, an he Vell-come you home Vit Coups de pied.

Sh. How now? *La-g.* or one good ſoufflet, or two.

Raw. Nay, nay; one's enough.

La-g. Dere is no complaining, 'tis ſo mouche for you; and fear of more, you muſt bite your tongue, and ſwallow your choler, as they ſay in my Countrie.

Sh. I, ſure enough.

La-g. Vat Conſolation 'tis *Monſieur Sift* to ſwear and curſe at ſouche Maſter? my bones no ake more. Ven mong my Camarades, I can give him heartily to all te *divels.*

Sh. I ha' got the length of his foot now,
And ſeldome am in this predicament.

Raw. Beſides he's good condition'd.

La-g. Good or bad, one fair morning I vould
Pack up my nawles and be gone for all date.

Raw. Would not he know my mind, and so prevent me, had I any such intention?

La-g. Vhy dere's todre ting I no speak. You no dare runne vaye neider, no dare tink of it, nor find one oder Master in secret, if dis fall out vis you.

Raw. 'Tis a common trick indeed of servants, that grow wearie of one Master, to have another in reserve:

Sh. Like Women who (for fear of wanting) provide a second husband, before the first be dead; but that Providence We are debarr'd of too.

La-g. An odre incommodite I no reckon, an te gran incommodite of all; how you pick up money in 'tis service? a Man gett no more but bare vages? Pewh! it is no Vorth Vile, I should be sorrie to rob any bodie; begarre I make conscience of dat: but if Largent go torow my hands, 'tis like meal, flower, Vat you call? someting stick, stick still to de fingers.

Sh. Ah sirrah! you go snip i' your Master's money then, you take toll, you black Miller, you, you more Vnavoidable thief then his Worsh'p's tailour.

Raw. You make a Conscience of robbing, but you filch, you pilfer, you purloin unmercifully.

Sh. Thou hast a fine time on't, that we want; and Enjoy'st a revenue, We dare not pretend to.

Raw. My Master hates theft beyond imagination, and I think that for a Tester (mercilesse as he is) he could find in's heart to have us taught to dance in a rope.

Sh. I'm sorrie for thy sake thou camest to him, since thou art given that way; for finding it out (as doubtless he would by thy looks) he may very well tell thy Master.

La-g. Tell my Master? oh me lost, me lost! vat I doe?

Raw. Why, thy worst is but to be hang'd.

La-g. And is no dat bad enose, my friend?

Sh. Perhaps thou mayst be quit for a singing
Or so: thou canst read?

La-g. Yes, yes; if he did need to know one name, to tell one's fortune, or doings, denne me attrappe him very vell, for *La gripe* no me true name, me take datte, because me Vould gripe vell good moneys here, and leave my own name Vit my Countrie, for

for one blow I doe, how you call? a ting, Vich make me leave *France*; I no come into *England*, no, vitte St *Chriſtophore* elſe.

Sh. Though he could not; yet knowing our names y'have told all this to, he cannot when his liſt but know what has paſt amongſt us.

Raw. How could he elſe diſcover to the full what concerns him, or me: thou ſhalt find no eaſe on that ſide neither. *aſide.*

Sh. No, no; We'l keep his fears up to the height ſtill.

La-g. Dat very true too; but my goode *Sift*, if it be poſſible, make he no tell.

Sh. Haſt thou filcht ſoundly?

La-g. Not mouch at a time.

Sh. But often?

La-g. Teuenty or tirty a monts, but littell, littell everie one, dat he no find: you call at Seſſions Pettie Larcenie.

Raw. Then a whipping perchance may ſerve.

La-g. A Vippingue? vhy many littell tefts no amount to a great teft.

Raw. But they make thee a great thief;
And may mount thee to the gallows.

Sh. Saving that, I know no way but one.

La-g. Oh goode *Sifte*, tell dat toder vay, I take dat rader.

Sh. My Maſter's head's ſo full now thou mayeſt get out of town, and he ne're mind thee; go thy wayes then preſently, and pack up; if the old Knight ſhould hear of thy pranks, he'l not ſend into *France* after thee.

La-g. If I be dere once, I no care dis for him; but I no dere yet.

Raw. Fetch but thy things, We'l ſet thee going.

La-g. 'Tis great vay.

Raw. Were't further yet, We'l have thee thither to day.

Sh. But thou muſt be well provided againſt the cold; there blow certain winds at Sea, thou wilt not like.

La-g. Vat? at Mid-ſummer?

Sh. I; as hot as 'tis at Land.

Raw. That's the onely inconvenience of the Journey,
But thou'lt be over in a hower or two.

La-g. I feare no Vindes nor Veader; I feare my Maſter

more, and dine too: but how I be carried?

Raw. At ease, as e're thou wert.

Sh. Meet me in thy Master's garden,
I'le be there presently.

La-g. Let it be no long present, nor no perhaps.

Raw. Be you but ready.

La-g. If you no come, me very angry.

Sh. I will come, I tell thee. *Exit La-gripe.*

Raw. He's o'th' house of the *Credulous* too:

Sh. I'th' Lime alreadie, boy.

Raw. There let him flutter.

ACT V.

The first SCENE, *Lincoln's-Inne-Fields.*

Enter Sr Christopher, Bellamy *severally.*

Sr *Chr.* *Bellamy*, I have been seeking you;

Bell. Me Sir? I have my wish if I can serve you;
Lay your commands upon me.

Sr *Chr.* A Courteous Gentleman, and a handsome one! (*aside.*
Who would take him for a Pick-pocket now
By his looks? but *fronti nulla fides.*

Bell. What means he talking to himself to eye (*aside:*
Me thus? has he already discover'd
Our Love, the art We us'd to hide it too?
Cruel fates! so speedie in your malice?

Sr *Chr.* Foolish man that I am! I can scarce find in my (*aside.*
heart to speak to him now, I would not shame him quite; I must dissemble, and pretend that some other way my ring is faln into his hands. To be brief with you, there is a certain Jewel wanting, a small toy a ring, or so, and I am told, you have it.

Bell How soon are all my hopes blasted? (*aside.*

Sr *Chr.* How he is struck? his very Countenance pleads guilty.
aside.

Bell. This

Bellamy. This the fair success I flatter'd my self with? (*aside.*
Sr *Chr.* I do not say, *Bellamy*, you are faulty,
But the party you have it by.
Bellamy, With what obstinacy are we persecuted? (*aside.*
Sr *Chr.* Trouble not your self; 'tis the hand alone
You have it from is guilty;
You are otherwise justifiable enough.
Bell. I have the Diamond, Sir, I can't denie't, { *Gives him his Ring.*
And here am ready to restore it you.
Y'are prepossest, I fear, by some, with a
False story of the meanes I wrought it by;
But if truth may be heard, as sure it ought
In spight of their insinuations, the guilt
Is all mine, I have no Complices;
Rather die, then Peach *Clarinda.* *aside.*
Sr *Chr.* I seek to excuse him, and he fondly accuses himself. *aside*
Bellamy. Let's clear her, all we can. I tell you, Sir,
What e're y'have heard, I am in all the fault,
Nor do I plead ought to attenuate. ——
Sr *Chr.* How strangely does a guilty Conscience wring him? *aside.*
I palliate his fault, he exaggerates it.
Bellamy I seek not therefore to attenuate
A Crime, which when I first design'd. —— ——
Sr *Chr.* I am not ignorant of the Fact, *Bellamy*, set no misseeming gloss upon't, I know the naked truth; but though I do, the knowledge of it shall not hurt you.
Bellamy. There's no dissembling with you then;
Plain-dealing, now is best I do confess. ——
Sr *Chr.* Oh, Do you so, Sir? Do you so? but look to't another time; for, Confess and be hang'd, D'ee mark? that's the Word. *aside.*
Bellamy. I do confess my furtive actions then,
My Stealth, my Clandestine approaches, and
The surprizal of a Jewel, which I see,
I am in your opinion too
Unworthy of: 'tis true, I am too bold,
Nor can I ought in my defence now plead:
'Twas the predominance of some ill Star
I'le say, since it brings your displeasure, Forc'd

Forc'd me to what is past.

Sr *Chr.* I am not so severe a Judge neither;
I have been young my self, and can not now
Be ignorant what youth is subject to;
And some occasions seem to force our will,
Such powerful allurements they tempt it with.

Bellamy. Yet though my indeserts seem to forbid
All hope of pardon, by your own goodness
Sir, I dare Conjure you. ——

Sr *Chr.* Yes, yes, I am merciful, I tell you,
And can excuse: having my Ring too, I *aside.*
May hold my peace; 'tis an ordinary course
When a Man has his Good's again,
To wave the prosecution. *aside.*

Bellamy. I must not lose this opportunity,
I shall not take him in the mood agen.
Since you with so much goodness can excuse, *To him.*
Be good still, Sir, and to justifie me
Thoroughly, Authorize my crime,
And give *Clarinda* leave
To crown my passion with approv'd consent;
Permit me, Sir, to Marry her.

Sr *Chr.* Marry my Daughter? for what acquaintance troe? *aside.*
The Man's mad sure, or I am mad my self;
He thinks me so at least, he'd ne're talk thus else.

Bellamy. Though my meanes are small, I have a heart yet,
No frowning fortune, no adversity
Can bring under; and am of a Family
From which Some richer ones may receive no
Small lustre; look on me then, Sir, with eyes
Not interess'd, or greedy of more wealth;
And you will see no cause to scorn th' alliance.

Sr *Chr.* It cannot be in earnest sure all this, *aside.*
Or with the least thought of perswading me:
Finding some danger in the Trade of Cut-Purse,
He's now fall'n to, he will grow wise, and take
Up at my cost for which purpose he must
Needs marry my Daughter forsooth; this is

One

One of the finest Fooles. *Laughes.*

Bell. He's something long-a-considering on't. *aside.*

Sr *Chr.* Let him steal, let him pick, let him cut, as many (*aside* Purses, or Pockets, as he please; let him be hang'd too, and he will, he'l not disoblige me in't at all: but for Marrying my Daughter, *Pardonnez moy, Monsieur*; well, *Bellamy*, I promise you, what ever you have said.

Bell. Your Daughter, Sir?

Sr *Chr.* Secresie, Sir, secresie; I'le keep your Counsel,
And that's no small curtesie, I hope. *Exit.*

Bellamy. Was ever Man in such a maze as I?
His favrable construction of what's past,
Seemes to invite a full Confession:
And when he knowes my passion for his daughter,
He promises *secresie*, and cries, he
Will keep Counsel. 'Tis the crossest this of
All my cros's fortunes.

To him Celia, Fannie, Luce.

This importune Woman is another;
Let's give her the slip.

Cel. Stay, *Bellamy*, and be civil at least,
If you cannot be kind.
Is that heart then I have so long thought mine
An others Captive now?
Inconstancie and breach of Faith, it seemes,
Are pleasing grown to him, so often Vow'd
The Vertues contrary; the change it self
Is ordinary enough, nor am I
The first forsaken she.
But yet to shun a sight, you once
Swore, pleas'd you 'bove all others, is too strong
An effect, methinks, of a new passion;
'Tis past indifferencie this, even to scorn;
You might remember that you lov'd me once.

Bellamy. Say, I esteem'd you, Madam: Love
In the respects I paied you, had least share;

My obligations t'ee were great,
And ſo I ſtrove to bear a mind
Full of reſentments for your noble favours,
A grateful, though not paſſionate heart.
But 'tis no time for ſuch diſguiſes now,
'Tis fit each action wear it's proper name,
Own it's true motive;
Lay your credulity then aſide,
For love has bound me in thoſe fetters now,
Muſt ne're be cut but with my thread of life.

Cel. With what art this ſtudied declaration
In ſuch ambiguous tearmes is couch'd, *To Lu.*
It may be made for me as for another?
He neither nam'd *Celia*, nor *Clarinda*.

Lu. 'Tis as plain though, he meanes her, as if he had.

Fan. But you are ſo credulous, as he tells you.

Bell. This night I waited on you by your own appoinment, what my reception was, you cannot have forgot, th' affront was to premeditate; you could not afford me one ſerious word, no, nor your eare a minute: think not the return I make you ſtrange then, nor wonder, that I ſhun you now, as you did me; t'was your command I ſhould, and I obey you, Madam. *Exit.*

Lu. He's in love w'ee, you will believe it ſtill?

Cel. He does, he does love me, I tell thee, ſtrangely.

Fan. 'Tis ſtrangely indeed, if he loves at all;
And as ſtrangely he ſhewes it.

Cel. 'Tis but a triall when he ſlights me thus,
'Tis then he loves me paſſionately;
This ſenſe of my odd carriage in the night
Is moſt becoming, and I take it kindly:
We're indifferent to him, he would mind it leſs,
Loving me, as he does, he muſt reſent it thus.

Lu. With an other, you ſee, he does himſelf
Confeſs he is in love.

Cel. For tryal ſtill, I tell thee, he affects
Inconſtancie, as he does ſcorn;
And for revenge perhaps a little too
He ſeekes to vex me thus; all's diſſembling,

Nor

Nor does he ſtrive to make me Jealous, but
To diſcover at full the kindneſs I have
For him; 'tis that, I ſee, he aimes at,
Endimion told me 'twould be ſo.

Fan. Nay, for him, he's a cheat, I'm ſure, what ever the other be.

Lu. He has abus'd you, Madam, all-a-long,
His predictions are meere fictions,
Meere impoſtures.
You might (but that you were before you ſpoke with him, ſtrangely perſwaded of his skill) have ſeen it in his whole proceeding.

Fan. He but deludes you with vain hopes,
Bellamy does forſake you.

Lu. Can you be ignorant he adores *Clarinda*?

Fan. *Gratian* aſſures you of it too.

Cel. I truſt not to what *Gratian* ſayes; he has
Caſt off all thoughts of friendſhip, and without
The leaſt regard to *Bellamy*, or his love,
Is hourely troubling me with his own,
You ſee he is.
I give no credit to a Rivall's ſtory.

To them Gratian, Lewis.

For whatſo're of *Bellamy* he ſayes,
I've cauſe to fear, but reaſon ſtill to doubt.

Ler. Ratherbelieve him, Madam; for you'l find
Gratians Story is a true one. His love
Though violent, can hear ſome reaſon yet,
And keep within the bounds of honour; think
Not then, he ſeekes by treachery to win you,
By baſe ſuggeſtions to ſupplant his friend.

Grat. While I thought him worthy of you,
Or could on any grounds believe him yours,
What did I, *Madam*, or what ſaid I, to
Croſs your fair affections?
I was all friend then, mov'd not one ſtep

Out of my Confident's path, for him was
All I ſpoke, my own cauſe I pleaded but
With ſilence, allow'd it not the leaſt complaint,
But what was fair from reaching him, or you;
Or if ſome time a ſudden ſigh broke through
The care I us'd to keep 'em in, how ſoon
Like to ſome bluſht-at, or unlawful iſſue,
Did I diſavow it, nay, lay it to
Another? but the concealment
Of my ſufferings and his injuries t'ee,
Would not a kindneſs now to *Bellamy* prove
That falſe *Bellamy*?

Cel. How loth am I yet to believe him ſuch? *aſide.*
Can he be falſe to *Celia*, that thought ſo *To them.*
Well of him? She that ſo truely lov'd him?

Grat. 'Tis ſtrange a heart once yours, ſhould ever own
An other Conqueror: but he is falſe, falſe
To the faireſt *Celia*, falſe, as miſerable
In this Exchange.

Cel. Bellamy forſakes me?

Grat. Perhaps 'tis with regret, a ſharp remorſe
Perhaps poyſons all the ſweets he leaves you Sir
Yet he forſakes you ſtill; and with his own
Conſent I tell you ſo.

Cel. And 'tis *Clarinda*
Robs me of this beloved Perjurer?

Ler. But now We left him at Sr *Chriſtopher*'s.

Grat. And leaſt we ſhould miſtake him any longer
Gratian, (cryed he to me, as he went in)
I know your paſſion, and ceaſe t'oppoſe it,
I quit all claim to Celia; *for if love*
Have happineſs for me, 'tis in Clarinda's *Armes.*

Cel. May I believe all this?

Ler. A greater truth ne're challeng'd your beliefe.

Grat. Alas! he never left the town, but lurk'd
At my houſe for private meetings
With *Clarinda*, whom he ſaw night by night.
A truth though, no Intereſt of my own

Had e're extorted, did not yours claim it,
And his allowance Manumize the ſecret.
Cel. No more; my doubt is over, and the miſt
Love caſt before my eyes thus vaniſht, more
Hateful, as more hated does he appear,
Then ever he ſeem'd lovely, nor was my
Affection ever half ſo ſtrong, as now
My anger is. *Gratian*, do you love me?
Grat. Oh Madam! *(kiſs her hand, ſighing.*
Cel. How can I ever believe Man agen,
When *Bellamy* is falſe? yet follow me,
If your affection be ſincere, as you
Proteſt; *Celia* is yours; but bring me to } *kiſs it again*
Clarinda's, and make my own eyes witneſs } *paſſionately.*
His crime, that I may do you Juſtice there
Before his face; ſerve my anger ſo farre,
And ſecond the revenge I do intend,
That he may ſee himſelf forſaken, as he
Forſakes, and there (if I may have my wiſh)
Shall he repent his perjurie,
Lu. That I believe too.
Cel. Yet all in vain.
Loſt to all hopes of e're recovering
What he ſo baſely does renounce; there let
Him pine to find me in another's arms,
And without hopes of either Miſtreſs, ſee
Clarinda ſcorn him, as he now does me.
Fan. A fine humour this, *Luce*;
Lu. An 'twould hold.
Lew. Oh, it muſt hold.
Fan. Whether Love will or no? *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Sir Christopher's *Garden.*

Enter La-gripe *in a travelling habit.*

ADieu, *London*, adieu; I goe see my own naturall Contree agen: an *France* be ne're so bad, or *England* so good, better be alive dere, den hang here.

To him Shift, Rawman.

Raw. How now, art readie?

La-g. Dou seest, te good Capotte, Vit my bottes ala Candalle

Sh. 'Tis well, 'tis well, thou hast clad thy self warm; the Journey's something bleak, as I told thee.

La-g. I putt tis hood over my face, for fear te cold, and some todre ting make me loose my nose quite.

Raw. I think indeed 'tis something loose set on.

Sh. Zymarg Haly, Behemoth, Albenzera.
Get into this Circle.

La-g. Vat dou Mumble, mumble in te teeths?
Say te divells Pater noster, I tinke.

Sh. Words of art, words of art: but 'tis done already. Thou must be hoodwink'd now.

La-g. Pourquoy?

Sh. There are reasons for't, I warrant you.

La-g. Your Jockeys, I hear say, ride temself blind,
But for vate I be make blinde, before I ride.

Sh. With the great light, and that prodigious height thou wilt be mounted to, thy eyes would be dazled, and thou giddily come tumbling down.

Raw. Who knows too how near thou mayest come to the Sun, thy Lids would not save 'em from scorching then, nor the distillations still overflowing quench the fire.

Sh. That brinie dew would add more furie to't.

Raw. Then thy nose would melt off indeed,

But

But this muffler ſaves all.

La-g. Indeed me have grand diſtraction, to ſee all te Vorld at one time, I can no hinder my ſelf from be peeping in every corner; I tinkue I mind me buſineſs better, and ſee notinge, dereſore blinde me, I am content: but how I ride? Vat be carried on? uere dat?

Raw. I need but whiſtle, and 'tis here.

La-g. Is it a ſaddel horſe, or one Coche?

Raw. No, no; a pad-nag.

La-g. A bad nag? begare me uill have a good nag, or no goe at all your Vay.

Raw. Thou ſhalt have a good one;
I ſay, a pad nag, a fine gentle pacer.

La-g. Oh crie you mercie, Vnderſtand now; my Maſter ride ſouche one himſelf, 'tis very eaſie for us olde Men: but Vho be my guide? Vat if I looſe my vaie? it very like; for I no travell dat rode before.

Sh. There's a queſtion indeed! thou ſhalt have a little Orenge-tawny devill to lacquey by thy ſide.

La-g. A divell lacquey? I no hear of ſouch before.

Sh. Why, half the lacqueys about the town are devils, Man; and in thy Country they are ten times worſe.

La-g. Dat's true indeed; but I always hear ſay, te divell uery proud, and tink he no take ſo mean place.

Sh. Some of 'em I grant are above it, but there are enow to ſupply all places, and he will put on any ſhape, rather then not make one.

Raw. Which is to play at ſmall game, rather then ſit out.

Sh. Shall I tell thee? there are devils of all functions and qualities, trades and callings whatſoever.

Raw. Alas, the Myſterie of every trade is knavery,
And that leads directly to him.
There are Sergeants, and Bailiff-divils.

Sh. And divilliſhly are they us'd, when they meddle with a guard-man, or any of the *Boulley Rocks* indeed.

Raw. Some neat, dapper, well-handed fiends are cut out into Barbers, Tire-women, and Valets de chambre;

Sh. Of which there come ſuch ſhoules out of thy Country:

Raw. Your

Raw. Your nimbler handed ones make Tailors, and Weavers.

Sh. Thieving devils: he devils, and ſhe devils.

La-g. Vat Voman divels?

Sh. Oh ſans nombre: and they make cuckolds.

La-g. Te divell Cuckold too?

Sh. How ſhould he come by his horns elſe?

Raw. And for more fiendly variety, there are ſage devils, and mad devils; hectoring devils, and cowardly devills; quaking devils —

La-g. Yes, in froſt and ſnoe; I have bin ſuch one my ſelf, before I come to good Angliſh Cole fires.

Raw. But theſe quake now, at Midſummer.

La-g. Begare trowe 'em in te river, and make
Quake for ſome ting.

Sh. Come, thou ſtay'ſt a deviliſh while here,
'Tis time thou wert goue. *(hood-winkt him.*

Raw. There are water-devils too; but thoſe we call dippers.

Sh. Rumpers and thumpers. *Raw.* Zealous and impious.

Sh. Preciſe and prophane.

Raw. Merry devils, and very devils, commonly known by the name of Phanaticks.

Sh. But thine's come; get up, get up.

La-g. Oh undoe, undoe; I ſee if mine be a horned divell; your men Cuckolds hide teir horn ſo, you no ſee a great manies; I long to ſee how te divell wear his.

Sh. 'Twere worth ſeeing indeed: but let everie Cuckold wear his own horns, and as he pleas himſelf: this is a batchelor devil; one though that having no apes to lead in hell, comes to lead a baboon into *France*.

La-g. Vat's dat? Vat's dat? I have great Curioſity
To look him in face.

Raw. Take heed, 'tis dangerous; he has a more dreadful countenance ten times then thy old Maſter. *(holding his hands.*

La-g. Gare, and he one I no mouche care for ſee now.

Raw. 'Tis ſufficient he conduct thee into *France*;
Then ſee him, and ſpare not.

La-g. I look him out of Countenance, Ven I am dere.

Sh. Come, get up, get up. *(horſes him on a rail or hedge with a cuſhion under him.* *La-g.* Vell

La-g. Vell *Monsieur* te divell, do not quitte me, Ven you get me in one ſtrange place, bring me ſafe in my countree, and den I can doe vell enof vit oute you.

Sh. Ne're fear him, he'l not leave thee ſo, (*ties him to't.*
Thou art too good a bit for him.

La-g. For Vat you tie ſo hard, Maſter *Sift?*
is it you, or te divell?

Sh. He's afraid thou wilt ſlip from him.

La-g. No, no, I varrant's you, if he no run
Way from me.

Raw. If he does, ride after him;
Thou art damnably well mounted.

Sh. Is't eaſier now? (*Let's him a little looſer.*

La-g. I, I, now 'tis vell; but vho vntie me, Vhen I come home, I can nó doe't my ſelf, I no ſee.

Sh. It ſhall be done to thy hand,
When thou art at thy Journey's end.

La-g. O *Sift, Sift,* I forgot; Vill tis Jade carrie in crouper, Vat you call in *England?* double, double, carrie double?

Sh. Why doe'ſt aſk?

La-g. I take my felloe *Beatrice* along Vit me, ſhe ride behind; very good companie for te divell, and for me too, very good in te vay.

Sh. Yes, too good for thee, old Jew; what ride double? (*aſide.*
No, no, ride poſt to th' devil, the old ſaying is; I could (*to him.*
have order'd it ſo, ſhe might have gone too; but 'tis too late now, and thou muſt take the Journey ſingle, as thou art.

La-g. Vell, vell, 'tis no matter; I get an odre in *France.*

Sh. By this token know thou art within ken; a doleful Voyce thou ſhalt firſt hear; at thy arrival, wrangling or confuſed talk, then lowder Lamentations; but fare thee well, ſet forward.

Raw. Commend us to our friends in *Paris.*

La-g. Yes, yes; dat I vill. {*in a hollow tone*

Sh. Adieu, *Monſieur La-gripe,* adieu. {*as from a farre*

Raw. Adieu, *La-gripe,* adieu; with what ſpeed thou flyeſt?

Sh. How he cleaves the air? he's gone, he's gone;
I can ſcarce diſcern him now.

La-g. I doe perceive I fly very faſt indeed, for now I hardly

hear teir Voice, my Eares take but te laſt Accents, as of one very remote.

Raw. A right Frenchman! bread in's pocket;

Sh. Where's the Cheeze?

Raw. Oh, that's at his Toes to haut-gouſt.

Sh. Which he calls refining.

La-g. I be in *France* preſant, I drink good Claret Vine, pure, pure; no mingle mangle, red and white, as here in *England*.

Sh. Do, fuddle thy Noſe, and if they pick thy pocket I'le pay the reckoning. (*Having pickt his Pocket.*

La-g. I take *Sift* for one little Quenave,
And he prove honeſt little Fellow.

Sh. Yes, I warrant you.

La-g. *Rawman* too, very well vers'd, experienc'd ——

Raw. In thy Pockets.

La-g. Te beaſt tey ſet me upon, go as eaſie
Too, as no ſtir at all.

Sh. If it does, they are miſtaken.

La-g. No ſhake, ſhake me; need no ſpur neider.

Raw. The ill manner'd Jade would hardly anſwer to't.

La-g. I be as ſtill as in me Bed, ſure I very good Horſeman.

Sh. For the Woodden-Horſe.

La-g. I no looſe in te Saddel.

Sh. Nor in the Hilts?

La-g. 'Tis very holeſome air, I grow very hungry.

Sh. You ſtuff'd your Pockets, as if y'had known you ſhould ——

La-g. But Vat Vind tis? ſtinking Vind too, Tell me dere blow,
One Vind very cold, and ſo 'tis indeed,
I ſee he know all tings in te vay, as
He go it himſelf. R. *Blows in's face with a pair of bellows.*

Sh. An other gale, an other gale.

La-g. Te Vind turn; ſure my Beard freeze wit tis blow, blow. I fear my Noſe too for all tis good Capotte, I no dare feel how tis neider. (*blowes on t'other ſide.*

Sh. There's company come in to th' garden,

VVe

We muſt away.

Raw. Jog on, jog on good Antiquity.

Sh. Y'are almoſt at your Journeyes end.

Exit. Sh. Raw.

Enter Bellamy, Clarinda *with a thin hood on.*

Clar. Diſcover'd already? So ſoon betray'd
Unto my Fathers knowledge?
What hard fates, *Bellamy*, attend our Loves?

Bell. You ſtand yet blameleſs in your Father's eye;
I wholly drew the Crime upon my ſelf,
And rather choſe to paſs for a ſuborner,
Then you ſhould forward ſeem, in the diſpoſal
Of that he claimes it is his right to give.

Clar. No, no; We do but fool our ſelves with hopes,
There is no ground left for that ſelf-flatterie.

Bell. Soon as he tax'd me with the Ring, I rendred it,
That precious pledge of thy unmatch'd affection:
Let not thy griefe precede our miſery though,
He neither ſhew'd, nor threatned any rigour,
He ſpoke but in his wonted tone, rather
Amaz'd then angry, and us'd me (truſt me
Sweet he did) with much mildneſs ſtill; and ſeem'd
(By arguing the buſineſs with himſelf)
Somethi g irreſolute what courſe to take;
And I dare hope, if from thy ſelf he hear
Thou doeſt affect me, it may incline him
To allow thy choice.

Clar. I that will doe't, I'le dry my eyes agen,
We'l nere be wretched ſure, when ſpeaking truth
Can make us happy. If this may win him,
Clarinda's yours; once more I tell you ſo.

Bell. VVhat grief is proofe againſt this joy?
Or what miſery has a name, which theſe words
Clarinda's mine, would not charm into happineſs?

Clar. I'm yours for ever, or no Man's; he that can debarr me of this felicitie, ſhall not add to my affliction, being an others.

Bell. Such bliſs in ſilence ſtill is beſt receiv'd,
I want words to give full thanke's.

La-g. I underſtand ſome noiſe of Tongues, ſome People talking a great way of ſure I ride over ſome great City; Is it *Canterbury*? no, no, I hope I be paſs te Seas.

To them Beatrix *running in.*

Clar. How now? Is there any body come in?

Beat. Oh yes, Sir *Chriſtopher*, and the *Aſtrologer* forſooth; he's no body without him now: he was wont to dote upon wealth, and then our Houſe was nothing but Aldermen, and Citizens, that write themſelves Eſquire, and Country Knights, that never came to Town, but for a new Purchaſe: but that fit's over now, and learning is his bable.

Clar. They interupt us too ſoon, I would not
Have him ſee you yet, *Endimion* being with him too.

Bell. Can I not ſlip out?

Clar. No, I know his walkes, he uſes at his entrance to take that, ſhould now lead you out; but ſtep aſide, ith' cloſe walk he'l not diſcover you: and there, if boldly ſpeaking in our cauſe may carry it, you'l hear me plead for you as you were here your ſelf.

Bell. You are all goodneſs, Madam. *Exit.*

La-g. Good Devil, look to me, if I be at Sea, for I can no ſwimme.

To them Sr Chriſtopher Credulous, Endimion, Bernard, Shift.

End. A moſt delicious garden this!

Sr *Chr.* 'Tis my Whore, Sir, 'tis my Whore;
Here I delight, and conſume my ſelf.

Sh. That's e'en a Whore's trick indeed

Sr *Chr.* Here, *Clarinda*, here's thy Ring again.

Clar. Muſt I endure that object in my Eye? } *To* B. *pulling down*
Sr *Chr.* What ſo coy, Miſtreſs? Will you } *her hood.*
(not parley unveil'd? } *Turning it up.*

Clar.

Clar. The Sun's too hot, Sir, I never walk in't Without my Hood, I shall be tann'd. *Pulling it down again.*

Sr *Chr.* And you be, and you be, 'tis but one lick more, you have that in your Closet, I know, can fetch it off again; here Gentlewoman, that belongs to your care. *Takes it quite off. Throwes it* Beat.

End. I long'd to see how *Clarinda* did behave her self after all these odd accidents, and how she'ld look upon me. (*To* Bern.

Bern. She's too much discompos'd;

End. She is, and I too well reveng'd; I pity her.

Sr *Chr.* 'Tis not a civil wellcome this, of a person thou art so lately, and so much oblig'd too; 'tis to him thou art engag'd for the recovery of thy Ring; I thought thou would'st have flown into his armes, had help'd thee to't again, thou wert so lost for want of it.

Beat. Gladly into his, that had it. *To* Sh.

End. Your Father, Madam, is pleas'd to name an Obligation So slight, I dare not think it one.

Sh. 'Tis one indeed, she con's you little thanks. *aside.*

End. But if kind Heaven prosper what I intend,
A solid and important service shall
Prove the Zeal I have to please you.

Clar. You have already, Sir, oblig'd me, more
Then I can thank you for.

La-g. By te different noises I find I pass from place to place; and now I tink I am at *Callais*; gare te Steeples, if I be.

To them Gratian, Lewis, Celia, Fannie, Luce,

Sr *Chr.* Here's more Company, What Ladie's that? or what (would she?
She lookes with an earnest, and a busie face.

Beat. With an angry one, methinks.

Sh. 'T is a pretty little angry Rogue,
Would I had the pleasing of her.

Beat. You please her? please me? and hear the Lady.

Cel. Wonder not Sir, at so abrupt a visit,

I come for Justice t'ee; We are both wrong'd,
Both abus'd by one unconstant Man; one
That when a thousand Oathes had made him mine,
Your Daughter has stoln from me; nay, start not, *He seemes a-*
She loves him infinitely; he nere had left *maz'd.*
Me for an unkind one, no, no they burn
In mutual flames; and in your house, or Garden
Is he now conceal'd, now, this very minute:
Do me reason then, and your self Justice.

Grat. I wish he be here, for I begin to fear, (*aside*
Finding *Clarinda* without him.

Lag. Sure tis is te doleful Voice, te lamentation; good sign, good sign, I be almost come home.

Sr *Chr.* How! a man hidden in my house? a plot, a plot; fetch me my rapier there, I'le poak him out of his hole; a plot upon my daughter.

Beat. Your daughter's plot upon you rather. (*aside.*

Clar. 'Tis an increase of miserie this, I never fear'd; (*aside.*
She's very handsome; what then? nay, I think (*eying Cel.*
Bellamy did love her once; no matter:
Coming just i'th' nick too, when he is here,
Silence my Jealousie,
I've trouble enough without thee.

Sh. Pox of this bustle, 'twill land our Travellour too soon. (*aside*

Clar. My father, I hope, suspects not me
In any close contrivance ——— ———

Sr *Chr.* Nay, nay, 'tis best for you be clear; I will think well o' thee so long as I may; but if thou bee'st faulty, th hast lost a friend of me: He rage no higher, till I see th'accusation prov'd.

Bell. Poor *Clarinda*! (*peeping out.*
With what increase of trouble I see thine?

Lew. They are all to pieces now indeed.

End. I have a soder for em yet.

Lag. I am come home sure, I hear such confused tones, and lamentable voices.

Sr *Chr.* Come, Madam, first let's make the garden sure,
This way ——— ——— ——— hah! what have we here?
This is a skare-crow ———

Lag.

La-g. Tis is te very noiſe, *Siſt* tell me of; divell, divell, Vere be you, my Lacquey-divell? untie, untie me.

Sr *Chr.* What Pageant's this? 'tis *La-gripe*'s dialect.

Sh. 'Tis our Travellour, Sir. *to End.*

He thinks himſelf in *France* alreadie.

End. A haſty *Monſieur* indeed; but

'Tis no time for this mirth now: help him down.

La-g. Now I be come, now I be come; never make Journey vit ſo much eaſe. O my Moder Earth, I muſt kiſs dee for Joy. *being got off.*

Sr *Chr.* Why how now?

La-g. You be got into my Country too? but eaſe me of one ſcruple, how you come? he lend you one pad-nag too? vat colour your Vorſhip's divell? mine Orenge-tawny, dat his colour of old, you know: I dare ſwear now my Maſter's be one (*aſide.* horned fiend, and dat I fear is horn to horn.

Sr *Chr.* He's mad ſure; ſee where thou art, in *London*,

In my garden; ſee thy young Miſtreſs too, *Beatrix.* ——

La-g. Begare I be ſo indeed. I be baſe beſheat, my purſe gone into *France*, or ſome Vere elſe — ah dou dog-rogue *Siſt*, I have thee by the ears preſent. *ſtares about him, gets up, ſearches his pockets.*

Sh. If the devil pick thy pocket, can I help it?

Ex. La-g. running after *Shift.*

Sr *Chr.* This is not the conceal'd Lover, you mean, Madam; 'Tis a diſguiz'd one rather I think this.

Cel. I look after no ſuch mouldy ware, Sir.

'Twas not this, I hope, you brought me to ſee. *(to Grat.*

Grat. Madam you'l find things yet, as I gave 'em out t'ee.

Clar. If they would ſearch no further now.

End. You'l pardon, Sir, my Man's boldneſs, I hope, *to* Sr *Chr.*

That plays the knave thus with yours.

Sr *Chr.* 'Tis eaſily pardon'd to preſerve your friendſhip:

But to our other buſineſs, our ſerious trouble.

Bell. They turn this way; better ſhew my ſelf, (*peeping out again*

Then be found ſneaking here.

Cel Let's ſeek this way.

Bell. Seek him no further, Madam, here he is. (*ſteps forth.*

Cel.

Cel. Ungrateful, faithless Man!

Sr *Chr.* Hah! Is it he?

Fan. You perjur'd man, you; have we found you?

Bell. Nay, never rail, nor throw at me those undeserv'd Reproaches; there is a Ladie here, can vouch my constancie.

Sr *Chr.* What Planet was my Girl born under troe?
I seek her Lover, and find a thief, a Pick-pocket.
You lay perdu upon some new design now, there are more Jewels in the house, Cabinets unrifled; I pray God there be. { *Ent. Shift again.*
This is their trick to a hair; slip in th' dusk of the Evening, and when we are all fast, open the doors to an inundation of Vermin. A pox on this thieve's handsel, I knew there was worse to follow.

Cel. The Man's beside himself sure, to wrong a Gentleman thus barbarously; though I have reason not to think him innocent, yet I dare pawn my life, the base guilt you charge him with, is none of's crime. What mean you then by this abusive Language?

Sr *Chr.* Alas! he understands me, Madam.

Bell. Not very well, Sir.
What draws this scandalous reproach?
I am no thief, my Enemie, I dare swear,
If I have any, will answer for me:
My mind is set on nobler objects farre,
My name and family free from the least stain
Of such ignoble ways; nor have you ought
In all your vast possessions I value,
But your daughter.
'Tis her I love, this year and more she has
Bin Mistress of my life and hopes; the Ring
You tax'd me with, from her hand I newly
Had receiv'd: and if the sternness of a
Father's brow fright not a timerous Maid from
Free discoverie of such thoughts, ask her, and
What she makes not good of all my storie,
Repute me lyer in; a name
I would not for your wealth deserve.

Sr *Chr.* Speak, *Clarinda*, saies he true? do'st love him?
Speak boldly, and the truth, what ere it be,

It

It ſhall be welcome to a father's ear.

Clar. Heaven knows I need not bluſh to own it,
And yet I doe, I love him, Sir,
And have done this —— ——— ———

Sr *Chr.* Nay, nay, then the reſt is plain enough: well
We muſt make the beſt of a bad market. } Sr *Chr.* and
Endimion your advice. } *End.* whiſper

Fan. Nere adviſe with him, he's a mere impoſtor.

Clar. Now will he raiſe a new ſtorm.

Beat. Never fear him, his Aſtrologie's well worn out by this.

Bell. Let my Ponyard prevent his malice.

Sh. He's born to be hang'd I ſee; becauſe he proves no thief, he'l commit murder.

Bern. *Celia*'s yours, I tell you; *Endimion*
Has no love for *Clarinda*, I know he has not.

Grat. That aſſurance revives me.

End. Aſſiſt me now, kind Stars, *aſide.*
To put a period to theſe Lovers paines,
And I'le nere trouble you with another Suit.

Sr *Chr.* My honour lies at ſtake; what ſhall I doe? (*To* End.

End. A fatal chain theſe ſeveral accidents
Are link'd together in, no breaking;
Yeild, yeild to what heaven has decreed, and
Is indeed above halfe done to your hands;
Theſe Lovers were made for one another,
I almoſt told you ſo before, in the
Deſcription of the Man ſhe is ordain'd for;
And ſince one rich in Vertue, not in Land,
Muſt be your Son in Law, where could you better chooſe,
Frank Bellamy is nobly bred, as born:
Give free conſent then to their happineſs,
Let it a fruit of your indulgence to 'em,
And not a forc'd allowance now appear;
That mingled with the joyes we ſhall wiſh them,
Our thankes to you on their behalf may flow.

Sr *Chr.* Well, what muſt be, muſt be; I cannot fail however in following that path Heaven has trac'd out for me. *Bellamy*, I embrace you as my Son, my Daughter's yours.

Bell. And I for ever to your goodness bound.
Oh my *Clarinda*, now y'are mine indeed.

Cel. Is it thus you keep your promise, Sir *Christopher?*
This the Justice I look'd for?
My honour suffers still.

Sr *Chr.* There was no other salve for mine; and Charity begins at home, good Lady; remember that still. As much reason, for ought I know, to Marry, as to Christen my own Child first.

Cel. to *Bell.* to goe, follow that misleading light,
Triumph in thy inconstancy, and let
Thy now-Mistress taste of it in time too;
'Tis that, 'tis that will do me right.
Come, *Gratian*, I'le keep my word with you;
We'l streight to Church.

Grat. Most willingly; sweet Lady, I must take her i'th' fit.

Fan. 'Twould soon be over else.

End. Nay, let's not part in anger, Madam; there
Are Weddings towards, We should be friends,
And merry then; *Lewis* call *Gratian* back. } *Staying her, She slights him.*

Lew. Stay.

Bell. A Woman's anger is soon over.

Fan. And a Lad's Love as soon out.

Bell. Or let it last, who cares?

Fan. Or the other, who's the better for't?

Cel. Come, let's hear now, what fine new device you stay me for; Oh! you are a sweet Gentleman, to pass for an *Astrologer*, and have no more skill then my *Chambermaid*, or *Fannie* there.

Fan. Truely nor so much, for we began to smell him out.

Clar. When the fit takes you next to make love, Sir,
Trust to your merit, and not your science,
That you see has deceiv'd you; the match is made now
You set all your Engines a work to break.
How shallow is this art you brag'd of?
Or, How little are you vers'd in't? } *Jeeringly.*

Cel. You told me 'twas but to make trial of me,
Bellamy courted *Clarinda*, and that
'Twas I he lov'd, when the first sight of him

Proves

Proves the contrary; the Stars lend you but
A dimme light, it ſeemes, that can no better
Read our deſtiny by it.

Grat. Did you not perſwade me too, that *Celia*
Ceas'd to love *Bellamy*? when Heaven knowes
What torture the continued expreſſions
Of her kindneſs to him, have put me to.
Burn your bookes, Sir, burn you bookes for ſhame,
Your lying bookes.

Bell. 'Tis well for him now, I nere was curious
Enough to peep into my deſtiny,
Nor given that inquiſitive way;
I muſt have had a fling at him too,
Which needes not; there are male-contents enow
To worrie him without me.

To them Lagripe, Rawman.

La-g. If te Damoiſells have done vit teir tale, pleaſe you have mine, It is a foul tale, I aſſure you, of accuſation againſt tis Aſtrolog too, Did you no promiſe ſend me into *France* fine new way, and me be here in *London* ſtill? I be Judge by all te Company, if me no here: and vat is very worſe, you ſay I go wit out Robbing, and begare me looſe my Purſe.

End. Your grievance is of weight indeed.

La-g. Of veight? gare my grievance be, you make me lighter by all my Money.

End. That's eaſily redreſs'd, give him his Purſe agen;
And no more of theſe ſlippery trickes.

Sh. 'Twas but a trick of wit, Sir;
I hope you'l remember the Enſurer, Monſieur. (*Giving it him.*

La-g. Yes, I aſſure you one halter, if you play more ſuch trick of vit.

End. Now to my pretty chiders:
For even in that, Ladies, you upbraid me with,
Have I matter enough to make my peace.

Cel. With help of ſome ſtrange hard non ſence,
Your Worſhip's tearmes of Art.

End. In plain Engliſh, but firſt your pardon, Sir,
That I durſt play the *Aſtrologer* with you,
When nere in all my Studies, nor my Travells
I ſpent a ſerious minute to become one.
Sr Chr. You are no *Aſtrologer* then?
End. None, in good ſooth, Sir.
Sr Chr. You told me ſo before indeed;
Though my itch of Learning would not let me
Credit it: but now I do believe you.
He'd nere degrade himſelf in publick thus,
Could he maintain the height
My credulity had rais'd him to.
End. And thus may you the better now forgive
The error y'have been in, that ſtill were deaf
To whatſoere I ſaid to diſabuſe you.
If ſooner, *Madam*, then you durſt expect, *To* Clar.
A Father's liking crown your Love, and his,
You may thank me for't; your match had nere been
Clapt up thus o'th' ſudden, had he not on my
Inſinuation believ'd it made in Heaven.
Sr Chr. Truth, I think it had not.
End. Nor have I done leſs for you, if well conſider'd,
Was it fit ſo fair a ſtock of beauty *To* Cel.
Should lie begging of a beggar ſtill?
I've plac'd you where you'l brighteſt ſhine,
Where love with intereſt will be paid you back,
Kiſs for kiſs were poor retaliation.
Bellamy, whom I ſaw adore *Clarinda*,
Was not an Idol fit for you to worſhip;
While *Gratian*'s heart became a burning ſacrifice
With fire ſhot from your killing eyes.
Bern. Now, he tickle's her.
Lew. She'l forgive all her enemies
For ſuch another clawing ſpeech.
Bell. Let them complain that ſuffer, I have my wiſh;
Nor is your ſhare, I ſee, ſo ſmall in the
Procurement of't, but it has made me yours.
I might have perch't in *Gratian*'s Cock-loft ſtill,

But

But for Aſtrologie.

Grat. As you have made me no leſs happie, with
As ſincere affection, I vow my ſelf
Your ſervant: yet let me tell you,
I began to think there was not
Much Aſtrologie i'th' buſineſs neither,
What ever we conceited of you.

End. Happineſs, *Gentlemen*, is happineſs ſtill,
I take it, which way ſo ere arriv'd at.
Something in every deſign we ſtalk with
To take the Vulgar eye, when that which does
The work indeed, being unperceiv'd,
It often is aſcrib'd to a wrong Cauſe.
I deſign'd both theſe matches, *Lewis* and
Bernard there can witneſs for me,
And to your joyes and mine I ſee 'em made,
Be it with real or fained skill in
What I took upon me, that matter's not.
The pleaſures you reap from it are no fictions,
That we all ſee.
And I expect my thanks accordingly.

Sh. And you, Sir travellour, that were promis'd you ſhould not be robb'd by the way; prythee, how couldſt, if thou hadſt gone thy Journey, when I had ſecur'd thy money here before?

La-g. Vell, vell, vit one bottle or two de Vine, tis ſhall be ſatisfaction; and ſirrahs, keark you, no tell my maſter, you know vat.

Raw. No, no; we would not hang thee.

Clar. *Bellamy* might think that were not my felicitie, he has acknowledged you a furtherer of, did I not pay my thanks too; you have oblig'd us both, Sir.

Cel. If my Compliment be ſomewhat colder, Sir, then others you have had from this thankful Companie, impute it to a certain blindneſs, allows me not yet a full view o'th' happineſs y'have plac'd me in; but as my ſenſe of it increaſes, ſo ſhall my Gratitude.

Fan. I would fain thank you too, Sir; but truly I'm beholding t'ee for nothing, but frighting me with the viſion of *Bellamy*.

Sh. Now for our ſqueakers. *Ex. Raw.*

End. Why I paſs'd for an *Aſtrologer*, or how, without being one,

I knew enough of your adventures to make th'opinion good a while, *Beatrix* can partly tell.

Bell. The distaff was of Counsel.

End. The rest may better come from *Lewis* there, or *Bernard*; and be part of their Apologie.

Bell. They in th' Intrigue too?

End. Grand Intriguers.

Sr *Chr.* All this we'l hear at leasure; 'twill make an excellent storie, when we have it all together: but now let's in, the air grows cold, though love and youth keep you from feeling it —— —— what fidlers? (*Musick*

Sh. Yes in truth, Sir; I saw there would be a Wedding or two, and made bold to invite 'em in; there's no mirth without Musick, Sir.

Sr *Chr.* Why God-a-mercy; come, strike up there,
A kissing dance to please these Wenches.

Sh. A kissing dance! nay then, I will make one,
I'm resolv'd on't. Come *Beatrix*.

Fan. You may dance, Sir; but we'l have no kissing,
'Tis not come to that yet.

Sh. You are not quite come to't indeed;
But here are riper lips.

Cel. She tells you true, Sir; 'tis not come to that yet.

Fan. Play my delight.

Sh. Thy Mistress forbids no kissing.

Beat. No, I warrant her.

Raw. She goes to't with a better stomack.

Sh. And they wont kiss
They shall dance by themselves for *Shift*.

Beat. And for *Beatrix* too. *Dance.*

Sr *Chr.* Brisk youths on my credit: come, to supper; nothing but welcome can I promise though o'th' sudden; but when my Girl is married
I'le feast you all, and nobly, that are here;
So your dislike blast not our Wedding cheare.

FINIS.